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SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. VIII.—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

THE nation has been taught, or at least told, to think that the character of Shelley was vitiated by one fundamental error,—which debars him at once from being considered as exerting a good moral influence, and by consequence, as well as by parity of reasoning, from being held for a great poet,—an error which proved him to be both a fool and a villain,—the want of belief in religion. We rate, at as high a value as any one ever has put upon them, those feelings which result from the development of the religious principle in the human mind: but we deny that these feelings did not exist in Shelley; we deny that this principle was not developed; we think that without these feelings, and this development, he could not have been a great poet,—but we think just as decidedly that he might have been a good man. To accuse any one of atheism is an easy way of defeating his claims to intellectual and imaginative power, and moral excellence, when the greater part of society have a very confused notion of what atheism is, but a very strong persuasion that it is something extremely horrible.

By way of making this matter a little clearer than it ordinarily is, we shall spend upon it a few sentences; and we can assure our readers, that they need not fear the slightest attempt to depreciate either natural religion or Christianity, which form together the glory and consummation of our nature. Atheism is the want of conviction of the existence of a God: and the value of that conviction must depend entirely upon the character assigned to the Deity, in the mind of the believer, and habitually present to his feelings. The belief in a Supreme Being is entirely useless, when, as is the most common case, he is merely thought of as a vague abstraction, dwelling afar off from men; or when, as is frequent among the ignorant and fanatical, he is imaged out as a venerable idol, seated in the clouds, with hoary locks and a frowning countenance; or when he is considered, as he is by many of the instructed classes, the mere first cause and moving spring of the world's mechanism; or when he is revered as essentially a malignant being, who, having power to make men what he pleased, has made the majority of them eternally miserable. It must be evident to all, that, under one or other of these shapes alone, is God present to the intellects of the greater number of nominal Christians. Yet this worse than unmeaning sound of religion is brought forward as a favourable contrast to the opinions of all those, who, instead of professing to believe in a God with none of the attributes that can excite our love, boldly profess that they believe in no existence superior to man.

God is, in truth, the concentration and essence of good, and it is because he is such, that the constant feeling of his existence is beneficial to the human mind. But of two persons, neither of whom is conscious of the love of this impersonated excellence, which is in the healthier moral condition? he who delights in all the manifestations of the Divine goodness, and attempts to make them the models and principles of his own being, though without referring them to their true original and centre; or he, who, with all his

word-religion, knowing just as little of a pervading and ruling spirit of beauty, truth, and beneficence, at the same time does not discover, in the universe, any of that power and harmony which the former sees and loves, only without attributing them to an adequate cause? The one is in the right way, though he has not reached his journey's end. The other has left the road, and either stands still, or wanders farther and farther from the path, which leads us to the sanctuary. The one is guided by the pillar of fire, though still, perhaps, far from the land of promise; the other is either chasing a meteor, or in hopeless inactivity, lamenting for 'the flesh-pots of Egypt.' Wherefore then should it be said that an atheist is necessarily a bad man? He is one in whom the faculty, or part of our nature, whereby we see and embrace the Divine idea, is still lying undeveloped; but it may be that as well as he yet sees, he struggles to conform himself to the truth, and to open out into the fulness of wisdom, the gleams of knowledge which he already possesses; and above all, why do we, instead of imitating the holy gentleness of Christ, overwhelm, with obloquy and persecution, those whom our unchristian intolerance may irritate and harden, but never can convert? It is at least as bad to have a degrading and polluted idea of God, as to have no idea of him at all, and neither the error nor the defect can be remedied by scorn or indignation.

The very first grounds and conditions necessary towards conceiving the personality of a universal spirit of love are, that we ourselves should be imbued with benevolence and truth. And those who are selfish and frivolous, though acknowledging God with their lips, or even with their intellects, are infinitely farther from him in their hearts, than the atheist himself, who is really earnest in struggling upwards, and zealous for the promotion of human welfare. But Shelley was not an atheist; at all events, not in the sense in which that word is commonly understood. He was, in spirit and habit of feeling, the most strongly opposed of all men to that philosophy, if philosophy it may be called, which spends itself among physical causes, and can find satisfaction in mere phenomena. He uniformly referred, for the reason and the truth of things, to invisible principles within us or without, of which natural appearances are merely the clothing and the shadow; and they who would attempt, by an abuse of language, to give the notion that he ought to be classed with the empirical metaphysicians, or the mere mechanical philosophers, might as well tie the breathing body to the dead carcase, and liken the living wheels of Ezekiel's vision to the wheels of a steam-engine or an orrery; and not only would they give a totally false idea of the general tendency of his works, but they would also falsify his words. It would be absurd to allude to Queen Mab, written, we believe, at the age of eighteen, (the most extraordinary book that any boy ever produced,) and never published with the author's consent; in all his avowed productions that we have seen, there is no denial of the existence of a Supreme Perfection; but there is, on the other hand, a constant inculcation of the doctrine of an all-informing Power, an Essential Wisdom and Benevolence. The utmost that can be justly and positively asserted against Shelley's religious opinions, is, that he was not a Christian. But that we may not be slaves to names instead of ministers to truth, and worship-

pers of idols rather than principles, it will be worth while to consider for an instant, wherefore he was not a Christian. The points to which he uniformly alludes, as shocking to his feelings, and repugnant to his reason, are not those which are chiefly dwelt upon in the New Testament; such as that 'love to God and man is the sum and abstract of religion;' that 'we ought to love those who hate us;' that 'God is love, and that it is in him we live, move, and have our being.' These, which are the grand distinctions of Christianity, were not the points from which Shelley revolted. But he had been early disgusted by bigotry and intolerance; by the tyranny and self-sufficiency of those who corrupt the Gospel with additions hostile to its whole spirit, and proclaim, that the God, who became man from love to men, is a cruel and revengeful being, and will punish even errors of the intellect, by an eternity of suffering, without the slightest design of reforming the sinner. These are the unhappy and lamentable doctrines against which Shelley unceasingly lifted up his voice; and it might be a warning to those who think that 'the wrath of man worketh the righteousness of God,' if they remembered how their exclusiveness, and wanton outraging of humanity, disinclined to the very name of their religion one of the most gentle, benevolent, brave, and self-denying beings to be found in all the annals of genius. But in spite even of the prejudice against Christianity, which sprang in Shelley's mind, from his observation of the evils so gratuitously connected with it, his own writings are instinct with an especially and earnestly religious morality; and he seems to have given up his whole being to the cultivation of feelings the very opposite of sensuality or of selfishness, and to have laboured, night and day, to keep his mind open to truth, and restless for moral improvement.

The charge of irreligion has been alluded to, in the outset, for the obvious reason, that it is one which, in the opinion of many people, would be sufficient, if established, to decide at once that Shelley has no claims to be judged, even in other respects, by ordinary rules, or submitted to an impartial analysis. We now leave that matter to be settled as the good feelings, or the bad doctrines, of the world may determine; and proceed to say something of the general character of his mind: and we are inclined to think, it was more fundamentally and uniformly poetical, than that of any other poet, at least in our day. We do not say that he wrote better poetry than Coleridge or Wordsworth; but that more habitually than they, or indeed than any one else we can remember, he thought and felt poetically. He cannot be conceived as performing the most ordinary action, or not investing it with a wild gracefulness, or imaginative splendour. Other men put out their minds into the task of ideal creation with something of effort and preparation; they bare their arms for the wrestling, or gird their loins for the combat. But Shelley seems to have been always and all over poet. He did not delay to put on armour for the battle; but went forth in the naked beauty of that form, which was, in itself, invulnerable, and with a glory blazing on his brow,

Ἄμφι δὲ αἱ κεφαλὴν νύμφης ὑπερὶ τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν
Χείρῃ, ἢ τ' αὐτοῦ δαίτη φάσμα παραφανέμεναι.

His whole being seems to have been absorbed and transfigured into poetry: and though the sphere of his writings is as different from 'this dim spot, which men call earth,' as are the clouds

of sunset from the world, with whose horizon they mingle, yet it is not a region to which he was borne on the wings of a casual enthusiasm, but his father-land and accustomed home. He did not first look at an object as it seems to other men, and then consider how it might be represented so as to please in poetry; but his very perceptions seem to have been modified and exalted by his genius, and even his senses were inspired. It is on this account that his poems have such perfect unity of feeling. His labours do not show those inconsistencies which arise among other men, from the variable humour and energy of the moment. They are but a homogeneous fragment of the permanent substance of his mind. Many may have felt, that he has too completely thrown away the ordinary vestures of human nature, that he may crown himself with asphodel, and array his limbs in light; but no one can have mistaken him for an ordinary masker, who assumes successively a dozen different disguises, and wears none of them as if it were his proper garb.

It is rather a failing than a merit in Shelley's character as a poet, a flaw in the lamp of crystal and ruby which holds the flame of his genius, that he looks at the world with a more restless and impassioned spirit than have the other principal poets. He seems always to be carried along by the whirlwind of a strong conviction, that his poetry ought to be made the instrument of moral good, which he evidently had as much at heart as any, the greatest of reformers. There is therefore in it, a hot and rushing impetuosity, which seems to communicate itself from the poet's mind to the objects with which he is conversing, and makes us feel as if we were borne in the prophet's chariot of fire, around the burning ramparts of the universe.* He does not look upon nature with the serene and clear-sighted steadiness which would be necessary for the purpose of representing it in all its sincerity; but he

'Walks with inward glory crown'd,'

and it is through the wavering halo of this glory that he contemplates every thing around him. It is not therefore to all men that he writes; for those who cannot readily betake themselves to any other than their ordinary perceptions or remembrances, who cannot lift themselves above the earth, or dwell in the ethereal empyrean, are irritated at failing in the attempt, and at seeing another soar so lightly to regions towards which they never can aspire. The rapidity and distance of his flight is indeed sufficient to render weary or giddy the greater number of readers; but they may be sure that if they have courage and strength to cling to his pinions, he will bear them swiftly among the spheres, and into the most secret splendours of the skies. For his is, in truth, a voice that might sing among the morning stars, and swell the shout of the sons of God, rejoicing over new worlds.

He has analysed the substance of man's nature, and of the external world, for all that they contain of most potent and condensed, the most strangely or sweetly powerful, or the most morbidly sensitive; and he has thus built up for himself, of wilder feelings and more burning or stormy thoughts, another creation, in which he has substituted, for the regular breathings of the nature of which we are the household, the pantings and convulsions of ecstasy or agony. He has concentrated all the rays and intensest colours of beauty into an essential loveliness, wherein his heart has placed its home; and while we see around us a glimmering twilight of good and evil, the sober semi-transparent obscurity of our moral being, he divides the light from the darkness, and pours the one into a focus of unmingled love, wherein his thoughts disport like birds in the radiance of the setting sun, and piles the other into a black and beamless chaos, thronged through all its desolate immensity with blind,

imperfect shapes of terror and hatred. Yet he abounds with touches of a delicate and ethereal tenderness; his whole spirit is impregnated with a strong and ennobling faith in the capacities of his kind; he brings us within the grasp of a most fantastic and irresistible, but of no degrading or uncelestial, destiny. Though checked, as is the condition of our existence, with many misgivings, weakened by aimless irresolutions, and depressed by doubts and sufferings, he still presents himself struggling on towards the consummation of a mighty hope, and subduing the turbulent revolt of selfishness and passion to the dominion of wisdom and duty. It is from no unintentional profusion of metaphor that Shelley is thus described: but it is impossible without language overswollen by passion, and a crowded array of imagery, to be the limner of a mind in which the imagination was one magnificent hyperbole, and the reason an engine of wondrous powers, overthrowing and piling together the elements of all existence, and rolling, crushing, and labouring under the impulse of an almost terrible excitement. Of the errors of some of his opinions, taken in their broad and obvious import, few men have had the boldness to profess themselves apologists; and scarce any one has shown the candour to search among them for valuable, though perhaps lurking, truths. We have already suggested that those of his notions which seem, at first sight, the most awfully mischievous, are frequently erroneous in shape, rather than in matter, in expression rather than in idea. His affections are the best directed and most generous; his hopes the purest and most elevated. He has never sought to overcome by reasonings any of those primary portions of our nature, on which depend man's moral and spiritual character; and there is no period of human record, no era of uninspired thought, in which this would not have been an uncommon and noble distinction. The muse of his poetry is neither the shadowy phantasm of Greek idolatry, nor a mere earthly 'damsel with a dulcimer,' but a fair and prophetic priestess, in whom the wild gestures, the flushed cheek, and the electric quiverings of every vein and nerve, accompany the rapture of no feeble song, and the oracles of no mean inspiration.

There is a close similarity in the modes in which he has treated external nature and the mind of man. He has observed all the most beautiful incidents and appearances in the world around him, and he has used them all in his poetry. But he has so brought them together that they crowd upon and encumber each other. He animates them with one spirit, but still there is an excessive accumulation of points to which we are called upon to attend at once. If a Grecian painter had united, in one face, the brow of Aspasia, the lips of Laïs, and the 'beaming eye' of Lesbia, supposing he possessed sufficient genius to harmonise their expression, he might have produced a beautiful countenance. But if Phyllis and Chloe happened to have equally well-proportioned noses, and from inability to decide between them, or anxiety to preserve both the fair features on his canvas, he had copied them side by side in the one visage, he would have exhibited not double loveliness, but unexampled deformity. And such is the tendency of Shelley's genius. He often fills his landscape with so many glittering and prominent objects, that, though each is separately beautiful, they produce no combined effect whatsoever. Thus, he sometimes wearies and dazzles us by heaping together too great a profusion of brilliancies, and not producing after all a whole, but only an enormous mass of fragments and details. In fact, he sees, in objects of sense, but the hints and germs of a universe far other than ours, in which the very hedge-rows are formed of the trees of knowledge and of life, and every twinkling star is brought so near us, that it dilates into a world of distinguish-

able glory. And, similarly, he has selected from our nature all that it contains of most precious and powerful, and concentrated these qualities into some one perfect specimen of humanity. But in the former case he fails, in the latter he succeeds; and wherefore the difference? Simply, because the one departs from the original standard of beauty in the mind, while the other merely realises and embodies the universal idea of good.

The great moral peculiarity of his writings is, his constant inculcation of man's capacity for a higher condition than the present. In his vision, he sees a ladder which ascends to heaven; and he never considers us as now occupying a permanent position, but as standing merely at one point, in an indefinite progression. His hopes travel faster than the world: and he casts so telescopic a view over the future, that he brings the distant to his feet. But he does this mighty good, that he teaches us to look for our improvement, not to the outward circumstances over which our control must always be limited, and which can return to us no substantial happiness, but to those inward powers which are beyond the reach of change or chance, to the improvement of which there is no bound assigned, and which furnish us from within with ample means for our satisfaction. If he had done nothing more than thus to oppose the philosophy of circumstances, he would have fulfilled the highest duty incumbent upon man, by proclaiming to his brethren that they are masters of their own destinies; and that it only depends upon themselves to be virtuous, and thereby happy. Shelley has applied all the resources of his extraordinary genius to strengthen and illuminate this truth; and we trust the day is at hand, when his writings will be studied in a kindred spirit. We are restrained, not by the strength of the shackles, but by the weakness of our own will; and the very act of choosing to be free, will prove that we are so. There are others who hold a far different doctrine from Shelley's, and who would improve our condition, not by gaining victory over outward objects and influences, and making ourselves independent of them, but by altering those circumstances, and continuing to draw our enjoyments from them: like the Indian girls, who show their skill and gracefulness in fetters, rather than dance in freedom without them. Such opinions were the scorn of Shelley, and such attempts his pity: and, thank heaven, so long as we have poets of his noble stamp and divine ordination, we shall have among us men of strength and courage to bear testimony against this wanton degradation.

The instruments by which Shelley advanced these high moral objects, were a magnificent imagination, a fairy-like fancy, a powerful intellect, a delicacy and range of perfection, which were scarcely ever equalled, and a faculty of expression, which, we have no hesitation in saying, has been in our day quite unrivalled. In this last quality, we would include both richness of diction, and the talent for composing melodious and significant verse. Exalted as were Shelley's other endowments and accomplishments, in these last he stands, at least, equal to the greatest names of our poetry. His language would by some be called obscure, though in truth he always employs those words which will most clearly explain his meaning. But nothing can make intelligible a class of thoughts or feelings, which we never have ourselves experienced; and herein is the real secret of the supposed darkness of his expressions. His versification is infinitely diversified, yet uniformly perfect; now clear and simple as a matin-bird, now rolling on like a vast river, now windings and re-echoing like a song; and all these and a thousand more varieties adapted, as if by intuition, to the differences of design and feeling in his different poems. So that, excepting Milton, there is nothing in the language at all comparable to the mingled strength and sweetness, the involved and changeful harmony, of his metre.

* *Plagantia monia mundi.*—*Lucretius.*

TEELING'S IRELAND.

Personal Narrative of the Irish Rebellion of 1798. By CHARLES HAMILTON TEELING. Colburn. London, 1828.

A PERSONAL narrative of the sanguinary horrors of the Irish Rebellion, has been hitherto a desideratum in the history of that interesting, awful, and eventful period. The work of the late Sir Richard Musgrave so abounds with misrepresentations, and is so evidently written for a party purpose, that no one, who wishes to think dispassionately, or to come to a just conclusion, as to the causes and consequences of the Irish Rebellion, can refer to the Baronet's pages, as a safe, or, indeed, a true guide. The same objections, but in a lesser degree, apply to the work of the Rev. Mr. Gordon, and we know not but that it really is the more dangerous volume of the two. The detail of the Baronet is so revoltingly improbable, as to exceed human credibility, while the misrepresentations of the 'Reverend' are equally studied though more subdued, and in better keeping with the semblance of veracity. We are not prepared to contend that both volumes do not contain some portion of the truth, but it is mixed and compounded with a huge leaven of falsehood:

'Some truth there is, but dash'd and strew'd with lies, To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.'

Two other works there are on the same subject, by writers of a very different stamp from those already mentioned. The one is the production of the late Mr. Edward Hay, for many years Secretary to the Catholics of Ireland, and himself a prominent actor in this Rebellion. This work, however, is more local than general, and though of unquestioned truth and authenticity, it is pregnant with many glaring faults of style, and may be pronounced, to any man of taste, a very unreadable book. There is yet another work, which first appeared in America, but of which an English edition was given to the public in the spring of last year, by the publisher of the volume now under review. We allude to the Memoirs of the celebrated and unfortunate Theobald Wolfe Tone; one of the most interesting pieces of autobiography and contemporary history which we ever perused.

Tone's work, however, is voluminous and expensive, and is more a history of the author himself, of his conversations and negotiations with the French Government, and of the expeditions destined to conquer Ireland, than the mere detail of the Irish Rebellion. Nevertheless, the Memoirs of Tone shed more light on the causes of the Rebellion, and give a more graphic description of the state of public feeling at the period which the author treats of, than any other work we have ever met with. Much, perhaps, indeed the chief interest of Tone's work, arises from its having been written in the form of a journal, while the author's feelings and recollections were fresh upon him; and we cannot help thinking, that if Mr. Teeling had adopted a similar course, his 'Personal Narrative,' would have more the shape of authenticity, while it would certainly be not less deeply interesting.

The great fault we find with this 'Personal Narrative' is, that there is a perpetual effort at display and fine writing, which is not at all suited to the subject. Narrative, and particularly the narration of any great civil or intestine commotion, should be simple, and not overstep the sober boundary of fact. The detail may be sustained, effective, and dramatic, without degenerating into 'sickly sentiment,' or the less offensive, because less harmless, sin of empty turgidity and inane bombast.

We are far, very far, indeed, from imputing either of these last mentioned grievous faults to Mr. Teeling; but we must say, that his 'Personal Narrative' is too declamatory, very ornate, and sometimes in bad taste; while its general tone is what Cicero would critically pronounce to be

Asiatic. To speak truly, we think the book overwordy, which appears to us its 'besetting sin.'

'Words are like leaves, and where they most abound, Much show of fruit beneath is seldom found.'

Let us not be understood, however, as denying the author the merit of authenticity and truth. We know his facts to be authentic, of our own personal knowledge, and for them at least we need no 'guarantee,' while the detail appears to be 'green and fresh' in the memory of Mr. Teeling; for it is given with a fidelity, and sometimes with a force and circumstantial detail which, in any other work, it would be vain to look for.

The author of this volume was, in fact, one of the initiated. He had known the 'secrets of the prison house; nor was he altogether ignorant of the melancholy detail of jail privations, arbitrary arrests, and summary punishments, without the intervention of judge or jury. Of these he might safely say:

'Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.'

The narrative of Mr. Teeling commences with the recal of Lord Fitzwilliam, and details, in a striking manner, the national indignation consequent on that event. Contemporaneous with this recal were, not only the Orange persecutions in Armagh, but the rapid progress of United Irish Societies. But we will allow Mr. Teeling to speak for himself:

'The prophetic fears of Grattan were but too fully verified, for Ireland was soon "extinguished" as a nation. The disappointed hopes of the people, their despair of legislative redress, the insulting severity of the Camden administration, the cruel and wanton religious persecutions of Armagh, where 10,000 unoffending Catholic inhabitants were driven from their homes, at the point of the bayonet or by the torch of the incendiary, and this barbarous proscription, if not encouraged, at least, not opposed, by the government or local authorities,—first led the inhabitants of Ulster into a general Association for self-defence.'

In this general Association, some of the most eminent men of the day, whether as regards family or talent, became enrolled. The objects of the Association of United Irishmen were, to procure a National (i.e. an Irish) Government, an equal representation of all the people in Parliament, and the abolition of all religious disabilities and tests.

The following are a few of the names of the original members of the Northern Whig Club, which was one of these United Societies:

Lord Charlemont	Right Hon. John O'Neill, after-
Lord de Clifford	wards Lord O'Neill
Lord Moira	Right Hon. H. L. Rowley
Archibald Hamilton Rowan	Eldred Pottinger
Hon. Robert Stewart, after-	William Brownlow
wards Lord Castlereagh	Savage Hall
William Todd Jones	William Sharman
Hon. E. Ward	John Forbes
Hon. R. Ward	Richard J. Ker
Hon. H. Rowley	E. J. Agnew.

As a member of this Society, it was well known that that Lord Castlereagh who subsequently carried the Irish Union, who became the friend of Pitt and the Tory Minister of Great Britain; it was well known that that very Castlereagh had often drunk the following toasts:

'President Washington, and the United States of America.'

'A happy establishment to the Gallic Constitution.'

'Freedom to the Brabanters.'

And last, though not least,

'Our Sovereign Lord, the People.'

After the statement of this undeniable fact, the reader will peruse with surprise, and certainly with indignation, the following detail which we give in the very words of the sufferer himself, Mr. Teeling:

'It was in the autumn of the year 1796 that Government commenced active operations against the United Irish Societies, by the arrest of those men who were either considered the decided partisans of the cause, or suspected of being favourable to the system of union. The principal performer in this scene was, of all men,

the last who could have been supposed ambitious of exhibiting in such a character. A man whose influence and example had so powerful an effect in rallying the youth of his native province, that all seemed proud to emulate the virtues which had elevated him to a distinguished situation, through the confidence and partiality of his countrymen. Strange, indeed, that Lord Castlereagh should have been the selected tool of the Camden Administration, to drag the companions of his youth, and the early associates of his political fame, from the peaceful bosom of their families to the horrors of an Irish Bastille.

'I was myself the first victim to the political delinquency of Lord Castlereagh. On the 16th of September, 1796, while yet in my eighteenth year, I was arrested by him on a charge of high treason. The manner of my arrest was as novel as mysterious, and the hand which executed it the last from which I could have suspected an act of unkindness. Lord Castlereagh was the personal friend of my father, who admired him as the early advocate of civil and religious liberty. He was a member of the illustrious band of Irish volunteers; and his name, to this hour, stands recorded amongst the most conspicuous characters, who formed the first great political association in Ulster, for that redress of grievances which the united exertions of the people only could obtain.

'When, in the year 1790, the representation for Down was contested, and the independence of that great and populous county threatened, through the powerful influence of the Downshire family, and a combination of interests hostile to the people, Lord Castlereagh, then the Honourable Robert Stewart, was selected for his talents and patriotism; and he was triumphantly returned to Parliament, supported not only by the suffrages, but by the pecuniary contributions of the friends of civil and religious liberty. On this memorable occasion, Lord Castlereagh publicly subscribed to a test, which, in expressing the sense of his constituents, marked out the line of his Parliamentary duty, pledging himself, in language the most unequivocal, to the unceasing pursuit of Parliamentary Reform. The penal laws at this period operated against my father's personal exercise of the elective franchise, but neither his fortune nor his best exertions were unemployed in the service of his friend. What, then, must have been my astonishment when I found myself a prisoner in the hands of the man whom I had been early taught to regard as a model of patriotism!

'The evening preceding my arrest had been passed in one of those gay and cheerful assemblies for which, at that period, the north of Ireland was distinguished, and in which Lord Castlereagh and other members of his family not unfrequently mingled. Accompanying my father on the following morning on a short excursion on horseback, we were met by Lord Castlereagh, who accosted us with his usual courtesy and politeness. We had proceeded up the street together, when having reached the house of his noble relative, the Marquis of Hertford, we were about to take leave of his lordship: "I regret," said he, addressing my father, "that your son cannot accompany you;" conducting me, at the same moment, through the outer gate, which to my inexpressible astonishment was instantly closed, and I found myself surrounded by a military guard. I expostulated, and in no very measured language, against what I considered a foul and treacherous proceeding, and with warmth I demanded that the gate should be re-opened, and my father admitted. This, after some deliberation, was assented to. My father entered; he looked, first on me, then sternly on Castlereagh, and with a firm and determined composure inquired the cause of my arrest. "High treason!"—replied his Lordship. Our interview was short; my father was not permitted to remain. It may well be conceived at this moment what were his emotions: he bade me adieu with a proud, but a tender feeling; and whilst my hand, locked in his, felt the fond pressure of paternal love, his eye darted a look of defiance, and his soul swelled indignant with conscious superiority over the apostate patriot and insidious friend.

'My father pursued his intended route, too sorrowful to return to his family, and too proud to betray the feelings which agitated his heart. It may appear somewhat strange that a man who bore the liveliest attachment to his domestic circle, and who was to me not only the affectionate parent, but also the companion and friend, should in a moment like the present, the most painful, perhaps, he had yet encountered, proceed on his business with so much apparent composure. But he was a man of no ordinary cast; to the liveliest sensibility were associated the firmest characteristics of mind; his intellectual powers were strong, and the

gifts of nature had been improved by an education of the most liberal stamp.

My horse was led home by a faithful domestic, but to that home I never returned; nor was a numerous, and till then a happy family, ever again congregated within its walls.

Lord Castlereagh had only performed half his duty; he had made good his "caption," but he wanted evidence to convict his prisoner, or to give a plausible pretext for the extraordinary measures he had exercised towards me. He entered my father's house accompanied by a military guard, and placing a sentinel at the door of each apartment, he presented a pistol to the breast of my brother John, a fine spirited youth of fourteen, whom he compelled to accompany him in his search, opening successively every locker, from which he carried off such papers as he thought proper to select, together with my pistols. My brother conducted himself on this occasion with a firmness and composure which could hardly have been expected from a lad of his years. One of my sisters evinced the most heroic courage: she was my junior, and with the gentlest possessed the noblest soul; she has been the solace of her family in all subsequent afflictions, and seemed to have been given as a blessing by Heaven, to counterpoise the ills they were doomed to suffer. But the feelings of my mother were totally overpowered by the scene. She had just been informed of my arrest, and now saw our peaceful home in possession of a military force. Maternal affection created imaginary dangers; and, in the most energetic language, she prayed Lord Castlereagh to permit her to visit my prison, and to grant even a momentary interview with her son. This he had the good sense and firmness to decline, and in communicating the matter to me in the course of our evening's conversation, I expressed my approval of his decision. But my mother felt otherwise. Agitated and disappointed, her gentle but lofty spirit was roused, and burying maternal grief in the indignant feeling of her soul,—"I was wrong," she exclaimed, "to appeal to a heart that never felt the tie of parental affection—your Lordship is not a father!" She pronounced this with a tone and an emphasis so feeling and so powerful, that even the mind of Castlereagh was not insensible to its force, and he immediately retired with his guard.

The author of the 'Narrative' was now removed to the capital, and committed, by Mr. Justice Boyd, to Kilmainham jail. For two years and a half he remained incarcerated, without his offence being made known. During this period the author gives an interesting account of his captivity, of the severities of Lord Carhampton, the military commandant, and of the arrival of the French fleet in Bantry Bay.

Meantime the English and Irish Government pursue the anti-conciliation system—transportation without trial, and torture, are resorted to. In the British House of Peers the motion of Lord Moira, and in the Commons that of Mr. Fox, for an address to the throne, are rejected. Ireland, therefore, towards the close of 1797, prepares for a hostile struggle, and the organization of her population proceeds under the direction of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, of whom the following just and eloquent character is given:

"The rank, the talent, the virtues, and disinterested patriotism of Lord Edward Fitzgerald distinguished him, in the estimation of his countrymen, as a man every way qualified for the most important trust and the boldest undertakings. Young, ardent, and enterprising; enthusiastic in his love of liberty; of devoted attachment to his country, and possessing the most unbounded confidence of his countrymen in return; reared in the school of arms, and distinguished for military science, he possessed all the qualities to constitute a great and popular leader, and seemed destined by nature for the bold and daring enterprise to which an abhorrence of oppression, and the most lively sense of justice, irresistibly impelled him. Sacrificing in this pursuit all the prospects to which rank, fortune, and an illustrious line of ancestry opened the way, he sought only in the ranks of his country that distinction which his talents and virtues could not fail to obtain.

Though no chief had actually been appointed to the supreme command in Leinster, the eyes of all were naturally directed to Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The officers who composed his staff, as well as those who had been selected to command in the respective counties, were men distinguished either by military talent or local influence. Few, however, of the former now remained

in Ireland. It was difficult to elude the vigilance of the Government, and the period of resistance having been from time to time postponed, the officers of foreign states had returned to their respective services, to which the busy scenes of warfare throughout Europe had recalled them. Those who had offered their services in the hour of Ireland's distress, were, from these circumstances (some, alas! but for a short period) precluded any share in her disastrous fortunes, but Ireland can never forget their generous sympathy in her cause;—the gallant Honourable Patrick Plunkett, that intrepid soldier of fortune, whose fame will be recorded while Buda or the Danube are remembered; the brave and devoted Bellew, who would exchange the laurels of foreign conquest to encounter peril and privation in the land of his birth; the most distinguished for virtue in the noble house of Moore, to whom titles and fortune opposed but a slender barrier, where the happiness of his country and her liberties were at stake; the young and ardent Leeson,* whose virtues shed lustre on the titles of his son; and he to whose memory my heart is devoted with more than fraternal affection, whose soul was the seat of honour, whose mind was resplendent with every virtue, whose love of country burned with unextinguishable fire, and whose unbounded philanthropy embraced the whole human race. Shade of the brave, accept this tribute of remembrance, and may thy ashes, moistened by the tears of thy country, be mingled with mine, when the lamp of thy brother shall be extinguished, and that heart cease to vibrate, which loved thee for his country and his country in thee!

A more intimate acquaintance with Lord Edward's character served only to increase our respect, by exhibiting his virtues in still brighter colours; with the purest feelings of moral worth, were associated the firmest characteristics of mind. In the hour of peril he was calm, collected and brave; in his more social moments cheerful, but gentle and unassuming; he attracted all hearts, and won the confidence of others by the candour of his own. The early period of his life had been almost exclusively devoted to military pursuits; and at the conclusion of the interesting struggle for the independence of the western world, he became acquainted with the celebrated La Fayette and other distinguished characters in the American revolution. An association with such men could not fail to make a lively impression on a young and enthusiastic mind; and his subsequent residence in France, in the proudest days of her history, gave fresh energy, if energy were wanting, to a soul already devoted to the great cause of universal benevolence. Candid, generous, and sincere, his soul never breathed a selfish or unmanly feeling; obstinate, perhaps, when wantonly opposed, but yielding and gentle by nature, he sometimes conceded to counsels inferior to his own; high in military talent, he assumed no superiority, but inspired courage and confidence where he found either deficient. The only measure which, perhaps, he was ever known to combat with the most immovable firmness, in despite of every remonstrance and the kindest solicitude of his friends, was on the expected approach of an awful event, where failure was ruin, and success more than doubtful. "No! Gentlemen," said he, "the post is mine, and no man must dispute it with me; it may be committed to abler hands, but it cannot be entrusted to a more determined heart. I know the heavy responsibility that awaits me; but whether I perish or triumph, no consideration shall induce me to forego this duty." The eventful period passed by; circumstances changed its expected course, and the measure was abandoned.

"The protection of Lord Edward's person was an object of the most anxious solicitude. Neither the large rewards offered by Government for his apprehension, nor the threats held out against any who should shelter or protect him, had the slightest influence on those to whom his safety was committed. To avoid suspicion, his place of residence was frequently changed, on which occasion he was always escorted by a few brave and determined friends. Hundreds were from time to time in possession of the secret, and some were arrested on suspicion of having afforded him an asylum; but no breath ever conveyed the slightest hint that could lead to his discovery.

"It is difficult to conceive the lively interest evinced by all ranks for the safety of this amiable and distinguished nobleman; and I have been surprised to meet at his residence men who, from the relative situation in which they stood with the government of the country, must have made a considerable sacrifice of their political fears to personal attachment. I was one evening in conversation with Lord Edward, when Colonel L—

* Of the noble House of Miltown.—*Reviewer.*

entered his apartment, accompanied by two gentlemen with whose persons I was acquainted, but who, I had reason to believe, were members of the Irish legislature.* The colonel, after embracing Lord Edward with the warmest affection, laid on his table a large canvas purse filled with gold, and smiling at his lordship, while he tapped him on the shoulder, "There," said he, "there, my lord, is provision for —"

A few hours would have placed Lord Edward at the head of the troops of Kildare; measures were arranged for this purpose, which the government could neither have foreseen nor prevented. But a fatal destiny interposed; his concealment was discovered through the imprudent zeal of an incautious friend, and after a desperate struggle with an overpowering force, wounded, exhausted, and fallen, the gallant Edward was captured.

Lord Edward was reclining on a couch when the party entered; they called on him to surrender,—he grasped a dagger,—they instantly fired,—a ball entered his shoulder,—he sunk on the couch. Bleeding and extended on his back, he bravely maintained the unequal conflict, killed the leader of their band, wounded a second officer of the party, and only yielded when resistance was no longer availing. Even here his native generosity triumphed; for on the arrival of surgical aid, he declined the proffered assistance, desiring that the first attention should be paid to his wounded antagonists. The surgeon complied with his request, and on his return announced to Lord Edward, who eagerly inquired the result, that Captain Ryan† was killed and Major Swan mortally wounded. "Then, Sir," said he, with the mildest composure, "you may dress me. It was a hard struggle,—and are two of them gone? The surgeon who attended on this occasion is yet living.

"No man was more truly happy in his domestic circle than Lord Edward Fitzgerald. He possessed the hand and affections of the amiable Pamela, and in this he felt that he possessed kingdoms. Ireland was Pamela's constant theme, and Edward's glory the darling object of her ambition. She entered into all his views; she had a noble and heroic soul, but the softer feelings of her sex would sometimes betray the anxiety with which she anticipated the approaching contest, and as hopes and fears alternately influenced her mind, she expressed them with all the sensibility characteristic of her country. In the most sweet and impressive tone of voice, rendered still more interesting by her foreign accent and imperfect English, she would, with unaffected simplicity, implore us to protect her Edward. "You are all good Irish," she would say, "Irish are all good and brave, and Edward is Irish,—your Edward and my Edward."

"I was honoured on a particular occasion, as the escort of his lovely and interesting wife, a few days ere the hand of death had severed them for ever. I saw her once again!!! Memory still portrays the lovely mourner wrapt in sable attire; deserted, yet not alone, for the tender pledge of conjugal affection clings to a bosom now insensible to all but sorrow."

It may not be, perhaps, uninteresting to the reader to state what Mr. Teeling has omitted, or, perhaps, did not know, that early in life Lord Edward Fitzgerald had served in the 55th Regiment, and was a Major in it at the very period that William Cobbett was a full private. Pamela, the adopted child of Madame de Genlis, and the widow of the unfortunate Irish Nobleman, afterwards married a banker at Hamburg, and she and her husband are still living. The son of Lord Edward Fitzgerald is in the British service.

Open hostilities now commenced, and the first movements of Aylmer, the rebel Chief in Kildare, are detailed with great spirit and precision. The flame of disaffection soon extends to Wexford, where the British are defeated at Onland and Enniscorthy, and the advanced guard of General Fawcett's army is subsequently destroyed. The battle of Tara, however, was soon afterwards lost to the rebels, by the ignorance and indiscipline of

* Both these gentlemen are still alive; the one, a Member of the British Parliament, the other, now in the rank of a private gentleman, and in the North of France.—*Reviewer.*

† For this service rendered to the Government by his father, Ryan's son was presented with a place in the Customs Department of Ireland.—*Review.*

‡ Swan, though severely wounded, recovered; and for this and other services (too numerous to mention) now enjoys a retired pension of 950*l.* per annum on the Irish Establishment.—*Reviewer.*

their leaders. After this engagement, says Mr. Teeling,

'Many returned to their homes; but the most determined remained in arms, and proceeded to join the ranks of the brave and persevering Aylmer in Kildare.'

Of the operations of this individual—one of the if not the most celebrated rebel chieftain—the following account may not be uninteresting:

Aylmer was pursuing at this time a species of fugitive warfare. Totally defective in artillery, and commanding in an open champaign country, he was unable to maintain, for any considerable time, a stationary war; but the velocity with which he moved, and the prompt decision that marked his action, rendered him a more formidable foe, and his warfare more harassing and destructive to his enemies. At night, on the extended plains of Kildare, in the morning twenty miles in advance, cutting off the supplies of the enemy, storming their posts, or driving back the advance of their army in full march to lay waste some devoted village or town; always on the alert, indefatigable in his pursuits, and exhaustless in enterprise, his military character seemed a perfect copy of the "great Dundas." Even after the termination of the Wexford campaign, the defeat of the united forces in Ulster, and general cessation of hostilities, we find Aylmer at the head of his invincible band; winning, by his courage and his conduct, the admiration of hostile ranks, and never laying down the arms which he had borne with manly pride, until the last of his companions were guaranteed in life and safety, by solemn treaty with the British general Dundas.

The writer of this Review knew Aylmer well. Expelled from his native country, he entered the service of Austria, in which he was soon distinguished. In 1811, he was sent to England by the Emperor, as one competent to teach the sword exercise to the British troops. His early connection with the Irish Rebellion soon became known, and frustrated the kindness of his foreign protector. Impatient of glory, however, he joined Bolivar in South America, and became a victim to the climate.

After the unsuccessful battle of Tara, the story of the Irish insurrection is briefly told. Leinster having been subdued, the prudent people of Ulster, with all the wisdom of their Scotch ancestors, became supine, and though they were sought to be roused by Lowry Magenis and McCracken, yet the United forces suffered a defeat both at Antrim and Seafeld, as well as at Pontaferry and Ballynahinch. This last action was the prelude to the total suppression of the United Irishmen in Ulster, and indeed all over Ireland.

It may now become us to ask, who it was that caused this insurrection, which commenced among Protestants and Presbyterians, and from entering into which the Catholics were at first averse? The answer to this *quære* may be found in the volume of Mr. Teeling. The rebellion of 1798 was, if not caused, at least secretly fomented, by the English Government, in order to afford a plausible pretext for carrying the measure of a legislative union. The experiment, however, desperate as it was, had proved well nigh fatal to British power; for, though they had kindled the flame, it was, at one period, more than doubtful whether they possessed the power of extinguishing it. An effective force of 114,000 bayonets, at an expence of *four millions per annum*, at length quelled this insurrection, and in a year afterwards Ireland was united to Great Britain.

The promises, however, held out at the period of this Union, have not been fulfilled, and Ireland still remains a source of weakness and expence to Great Britain, while the spirit of 1798 is 'not dead, but only sleepeth.' The precise period for which affairs may go on smoothly between the two countries it were difficult, perhaps, exactly to say; but it requires little divination indeed to demonstrate, that a system of coercion and division must further exasperate Ireland, while it cannot strengthen England. *Bis dat (says the Proverb) qui cito dat*, and if our rulers mean to preserve the integrity and to strengthen the resources of these Kingdoms—to pacify Ireland and consolidate the empire—

they will fulfil the conditions of the bond, and before it is too late, grant 'free, full, and unconditional emancipation.'

To all sober and well-disposed Englishmen we strongly recommend a perusal of Mr. Teeling's work. It contains much useful and authentic information, while it pourtrays the excesses of the loyal Yeomanry, and certain civil functionaries, in a vivid and glaring light.

A TALE OF KHORASAN.

The Kuzzilbash; a Tale of Khorasan. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn. London, 1828.

We regret that we cannot present our readers with the name of the author of the volumes before us, for two reasons: in the first place, they belong to a class devoted to a species of information which always requires the guarantee of a signature to prevent its falling under the denomination of 'Travellers' Tales;' and, secondly, because the writer, being undoubtedly a man of talent, deserves a large proportion of commendation, and now-a-days, the town has been too much drugged with '*Great Unknowns*' to attach any ideas of sublimity to the obscurity they assume, or take much trouble in inquiring who they may be.

The Kuzzilbash takes a stand mid-way between Anastasius and Hadji Baba, and is as far inferior to the one as it excels the other. The author is a man evidently familiar with his subject, though the historical suggestions necessary to a thorough understanding of his tale, are given rather too sparingly for one who wishes to suit manners with epochs, and contrast customs with circumstances. The book is likewise deficient in incident; its writer seems to want imagination, and the entire history of the three volumes might be told in a very few lines: though the book is full of very minute details. He has, in fact, strung two stories together, in order to eke out the legitimate duodecimal trio, in which form a novel must come to be printed if not to be read. But we must turn to the book. It is designed to illustrate the manners of Khorasan, and the wandering tribes of the Turcomans, as they existed about the beginning of the last century, at the period when the celebrated Nadir Shah, the Pyrrhus of modern Persia, succeeded in the most gigantic of his undertakings, and acquired, for a time, military possession of Mushed, (or, as we have it in our maps, Meshid,) the noble and venerable capital of the Mogul empire. Ismael, the hero of the tale, denominated the Kuzzilbash, a Turkish word, signifying literally 'red-cap,' but by common acceptance a 'Persian soldier,' is son to the Khan of a small village on the skirts of the mountains below Deregez, in Khorasan, and born about the year 1119 of the Hegira, or 1740 of our computation. Almost in infancy he is carried off by a horde of Turcomans, who ravaged the territory of his parents. On this occasion an expedition, headed by his father, had proceeded to meet the marauders, and the catastrophe, one of the most important in the life of the Kuzzilbash, we give in his own words—

'For some months every thing remained in quiet, but after that time rumours began to be circulated, that small parties of the Toorkomans had been observed lurking among some ruined villages, and in the ravines in our neighbourhood; and intelligence having at length arrived, that one of these had approached nearer than usual to our village, my father, summoning his best soldiers, left home one evening in hopes of surprising them. The night passed, not without anxiety; but little did any of the family dream of the fate that was hanging over them.

In the grey of the morning the sound of horses was heard, and the watchmen on the walls gave notice that the Khan was approaching. The gates were immediately thrown open, and several of the inhabitants, both men and women, went out to meet their friends, returning, as they hoped, successful, and laden with booty. But they were soon terribly undeceived; for, as the

foremost of the troop came near enough to be recognised, the unhappy villagers descried the wild features of their Toorkoman foes, scowling from under the Kuzzilbash caps and turbans. A loud scream of affright told their enemies that they were discovered, and instantly spurring their horses to full speed, they pursued the flying wretches, making way with their swords to right and left, and entered the gates almost before the alarm had reached the few guards who remained on duty. All who attempted resistance were cut to pieces in a moment, while a party of the villains, dashing forward to my father's fortified palace, seized on the gates, which were beset with fugitives, before they could be effectually closed.

'Young as I then was, I can yet remember well the shrieks of horror and despair that arose as the Toorkomans, with their huge rough caps and hideous countenances, all smeared with dust and blood, burst into the private apartments: the yell of agony and frantic entreaty that burst from the old women and eunuchs, as some of the stern savages hewed them in pieces, while others seized on the younger females and children, still seems to ring in my ears. The nurse, who had tended me from infancy, was speared by two ruffians as I clung to her, adding my cries to hers, and I was covered with her blood. Child as I was, this outrage roused my puny wrath, and, drawing the little dagger which was thrust into my girdle, I dashed it against one of the murderers, who instantly raised his spear with an oath, and would have pinned me to the ground, but his companion struck the weapon aside with his sword, crying: "Hold, hold! harm not the child! He is a brave fellow, and I shall keep him to attend upon my little Selim."

'In the mean time others seized my mother, who only thought of protecting her younger children; but they tore them from her arms, and throwing them screaming upon the slaughtered bodies of her servants, hurried her along with all the younger females beyond the walls of the fort. According to their custom on such occasions, they carefully forbore to encumber their retreat with any whose old age, or extreme youth, might retard them on the march, or who were not likely to fetch a high price as slaves: all such they mercilessly slaughtered; and, as they dragged us along, we could see the work of death going on: we heard the shrieks, and trod on the mangled remains of our friends and relatives.'

At length the pillage is completed, and the troop retire with their prisoners to the headquarters of the tribe, the camp of Hyder Beg, in the sandy desert nigh the banks of the Oxus. Here he is presented as a companion to Selim, the young son of one of the principal chieftains, and becomes domesticated in his family. This gives scope for the introduction of some splendid sketches of the life and manners of the tribe, and by far the finest episode in the work, the tale of the Kuzzilbash's love for Shireen, the daughter of his lord. We regret, however, that the sketches are too diffuse, and the tale too long for transcription in our pages: but the following lively picture of the preparation for an attack upon a neighbouring tribe, will give a good idea of the author's spirited and graphic style.

'When the news of this disaster reached our camp, it filled every one with horror and with rage. The ferment was dreadful; vows of vengeance were succeeded by the most energetic preparations. The elders met in council, while the rest got in readiness for the expedition, which they could not doubt would be decided on; for the feelings of hatred and rage were too deep and universal to leave any chance of moderate, far less of pacific councils. Orders were immediately issued for every man able to carry arms to prepare for marching; expresses bearing a like import were dispatched to all the camps in the neighbourhood; and within six hours after the arrival of the intelligence, three hundred men, well mounted and armed, with provisions for eight days, awaited but the signal to leave the camp.'

'Here all was eagerness and bustle. The men were buckling on the harness of their steeds, which were neighing, kicking, and pawing the ground with impatience. One was still busy fitting a spear-head to its shaft; another cramming an extra number of arrows into his quiver; some were binding up the scanty supply of barley-cakes, and grape-treacle, or dried cheese, that was to support themselves and their horses upon the march; others putting on such pieces of mail as they possessed, or adapting their dress to the purposes

of active exertion and sufficient defence from cold. But the greater number, already equipped, stood by their steeds, or were seated in the saddle, cursing the tediousness of those whose incomplete preparations still detained them.

'Around and among the troops, the women moved hurriedly about, dealing out the necessities of accoutrements or provision to their husbands, their sons, or their brothers. Most of the females, well-accustomed to such occasions, performed these offices quietly, as matters of course. But there were others, whose pale faces and uncertain steps betrayed their terror and anxiety, and proclaimed that they were agitated by newly awakened interests of the tenderest nature for some among the band.

'At length the whole, mounted and arrayed, awaited but the signal for moving. Many a gallant army have I seen since then, and I have fought in many a desperate field, brightened with victory or saddened by defeat; but though these may fade from my memory or leave but confused recollections behind, I never can forget this day, when the career of military adventure was first opened to my view, bringing along with it the hope of freedom, and honour, and rapid advancement. As I vaulted on the gallant horse which my patron had provided for me, I felt as if the whole Desert around was too confined for my course, and it required all my powers of forbearance to control the exuberance of my spirits, and withhold me from giving spurs to my steed and bounding headlong onward. The wise may smile at my boyish extravagance, but they will forgive it: I was but sixteen, and felt myself enrolled among men for the first time, armed and mounted for manly duty.'

Ismael returns with the victors after the affray, carrying off with him a young female of the hostile tribe, whom he designs as a present for Shireen. The remainder of the volume is occupied with his adventures in this his first love affair, which terminates in a very unpleasant *dénouement*, and the Kuzzilbash is forced to fly from the camp of Turcomans, leaving the erring Shireen to the mercy of her father. In a previous passage we are introduced to Nadir Shah, the most important personage in the volumes.

'Meantime, our revived feud with the Eersanees kept us constantly upon the alert. Eager to revenge our successful expedition against their camps, several attempts at surprises were made by them; but though some blood was shed, and some cattle were plundered on both sides, no decided advantage was gained; and the chief effect produced was the preventing either tribe from undertaking expeditions, as usual, against the Kuzzilbashes, or the Koords of Persian Khorasan.

'In the course of time, however, both parties, wearied of this useless drain of strength and loss of time, as if by mutual consent, by degrees willingly desisted from hostilities, and turned their attention to more profitable enterprises. The northern part of Persian Khorasan was at this time in a state of great confusion: divided among a multitude of petty chiefs, each at the head of a tribe, and possessing several strougholds and castles, with more or less territory attached to them, there was a constant struggle for superiority, attended with unceasing frays and bloodshed. These chiefs, when unable to resist a powerful opponent, would frequently call in the aid of the tribes of the Desert, who thereby reaped a rich harvest; for, independent of the stipulated price of their assistance, they never returned to their homes without ravaging some defenceless district on their way, and carrying the inhabitants of such villages as they could seize, along with them into captivity.

'Among these border chiefs, Nadir Koollee Beg at this time held a conspicuous place. He was an Afshar, of no high rank, born in a village of Deraguz, and had raised himself by a fearless intrepidity, united to a sound judgment, to be one of the most redoubtable leaders of this turbulent province. Many and very contradictory accounts were given of his early career; and there can be little doubt, that, born as he was in a country at all times harassed by feuds and invasions, and at a period when the whole of Persia had fallen into political and moral confusion, the young Nader Koollee followed the fashion of the times, and took advantage of the opportunities afforded him by Providence, as well as of the powers of his own mind, to ameliorate his condition, and to raise his fortune to the level of his lofty and ambitious desires. It is very probable that, in the course of this career, he may have committed acts which cannot be justified, if brought to the test of strict morality. But who was there, among all his countrymen, guiltless of such deeds? who was there,

among the chiefs and nobles of that day, not only in Khorasan, but in all Persia, who had not, in self-defence, been forced to shed the blood of his kindred? These were the days when the hand of the father was against the son, and that of the nephew against the uncle; when brothers were open or secret foes; when the cup of the mother was not safe from the poisonous drugs of the daughter; and when even the husband dared not to trust the wife of his bosom;—how was it possible, in such times, to distinguish the crimes which had their source in ambition, from those which were perpetrated in self-defence?'

It is to the camp of this celebrated chief that Ismael now betakes himself, and the first volume closes with his reception by the hardy warrior, and the siege and capture of Mushed. From a sketch of the luxuries of the conquered city, we subjoin the picture of an Oriental bath.

'Another species of luxury to which I had hitherto been comparatively a stranger, was that of the baths, which were the constant resort of our idle youth, and which I now very regularly attended, for the sake of pleasant society as well as for personal enjoyment.

'I had not before suspected that these public conveniences were attended, not merely for purposes of health, cleanliness, and comfort, but as a lounge, where people met to hear the news and gossip of the day. There, early in the morning, might be found the grave Moollah, emerged from his cold-vaunted *ootaugh* (chamber) in the Medressah, glad to come and repeat his prayers in an atmosphere of comfortable warmth; the drunken debauchee, staggering in to get rid of his racking headache by sleep or perspiration; the merchant, who left his caravanserai in hopes of meeting others of his trade, and perhaps of driving a good bargain; or the newly arrived pilgrim, importing all the news only a twelvemonth old from Sheerauz, Kerman-shah, or Tabreez.—The soldier would tell of his battles and speculate on the great Nadir's next movement; whilst the young rakes would boast of their intrigues, or invent lies to make plain men stare.

'In the spacious vault of the Hummaums, half lighted by a few wretched lamps struggling for life with the moist misty vapours of the steaming reservoirs; as the eye became accustomed to the thick obscurity, one might gradually perceive sundry groups and single figures, naked to a strip of cloth around the middle, and in a strange variety of attitudes. Some having happily undergone the full operation, seated in conversation, enjoying the enlivening fumes of the calleeoon; some who, to a stranger, might seem to be undergoing the torture extraordinary, stretched upon their backs, while attendant familiars kneeling by them, or bestriding their bodies, rubbed, kneaded, or twisted them in the most outrageous fashion, making their limbs resound with cracking of their joints, and the slaps which every now and then they bestowed on them. Others, again, undergoing the serious operation of having their beard and nails dyed; the former black, the latter orange colour. These are forced to lie stiff upon their backs for at least three hours, having their beards, eyebrows, hands, and feet covered with poultices of pounded indigo or henna leaves, and never daring to move a muscle all that time, for fear of spoiling the whole operation. All such sights, to a stranger like me, were full of interest; and though the novelty soon wore off, the other attractions of the place became strengthened by custom, and few days passed without my paying a visit to one of the best-frequented Hummaums.'

Now follow long stories of revelry and love; they are neither so vicious nor so varied as the adventures of Anastasius, but still possess a world of interest. Here, too, the author meets with the 'young merchant,' whose wanderings and exploits form the third part of the book, and the supplementary tale we have alluded to.

The scene then changes from Mushed to the army, and Nadir is about setting forward on a distant expedition.

'On the night before the camp broke up, I was posted on a tuppel, or hillock, on the right, which commanded a view of the whole extended encampment. Beneath me, on the plain, lay scattered the tents of the army, white, and glittering in the moonshine. Many a dusky mass might be discerned among them, which imagination might shape into bodies of men and horses still in the attitudes of profound repose. The only sounds that arose on the still, calm air, were from the tinkling of the mule and camel bells, the neigh of a horse, or the faint clash of arms from a sentry, as he walked up and down at his post, or when

one of the horses, kept ready harnessed for use, shook his bridle-chains, or the mace or scymitar that hung at his saddle-bow, as he pawed and stamped with impatience.

'Presently the first dubious tinge of dawn stole over the East, and the quick rattle of a drum came rolling on the stillness of morning. It was answered from many quarters, and in less than five minutes after, a murmur might be heard, which increased like the buzz of a swarming hive of bees, and an obscure movement could be detected in the plain. The embers of the fires which had been suffered to die out, were now shook into life, and threw a red and flickering glare on the objects around. The tents which dotted the plain began one by one to fall and disappear; and as the pale and orange light arose in the sky, the glimmer of arms, the flash of helmets, of swords, and lance-points, broke from the dusky masses that formed on the ground where they stood. In a little time, I could distinguish the different corps forming into their several divisions, while the camp followers and baggage-cattle drew off by degrees, and formed into masses distinct from the fighting men. It was a splendid sight. The morning was brilliant, and a heavy dew had lent a freshness to the early dawn, which the fierce heat of the season denied to the later hours of day. The Shah soon issued forth from the extensive royal inclosure of crimson serapurdehs, preceded by multitudes of Shatirs and Furoshes, and surrounded by a splendid attendance of officers and gholaams, all glittering in magnificent dresses, and mounted on beautiful horses. The appearance of his Highness's suite was less gorgeous; there was no exhibition of finery either on his own dress or on that of his attendants; but the purpose-like, thoroughly well-armed and mounted band that mustered around him, were composed of men whose weather-beaten aspect betokened hard service, as their steady and composed expression proclaimed unshaken resolution and devotion to their chief.

'Such was the character of the army with which the hitherto successful and victorious Nadir marched from Subzawar to meet the usurper Ashruff, and drive his cruel marauding Afghans from the fair plains of Irak: and it was with a glow of no common enthusiasm that I beheld them file off, corps by corps, from their encamping-ground, and occupy, in long extended columns, the road which leads to Muzaccaum. The numerous banners gleamed above them in the morning light, and the first beams of the rising sun sparkled on the points of their lances, and glanced from their helmets and mail like the moon-beams on the waters of a dark sea. When the last corps had left the ground, and the baggage, under protection of the rear-guard, had got into motion, the outposts were all withdrawn, and giving up my charge, I galloped on to the station I loved best, near the person of the General.'

After some actions in the mountains, on the north-western frontier of Khorasan, the Shah proceeds towards Ispahan, which he succeeds in recovering from the Afghans, and Ismael is quartered in the capital of Persia.

The story now hastens to a conclusion; after a succession of minor incidents, Ismael finds Selim and Shireen, his early friend and mistress, prisoners in the power of the Shah; they are liberated at the intercession of the Kuzzilbash; a marriage ensues, of course, and as the author has not yet exhausted his stock of materials, he promises, in a subsequent work, to add Ismael's matrimonial vicissitudes, as a sequel to his exploits as a bachelor.

We cannot conclude this hasty notice without summing up our brief opinion, that the book contains a vast fund of information, united to a copious spring of amusement. We shall look anxiously for its continuation, and should it equal the present specimen, we have no hesitation in predicting their joint and lasting popularity.

THE AMERICANS AS THEY ARE.

The Americans as they are; described in a Tour through the Valley of the Mississippi. By the Author of 'Austria as it is.' pp. 332. Hurst and Chance. London, 1828.

WHEN we were noticing, in a previous Number, the spirited little work 'Austria as it is,' we took occasion to observe it would afford us no little pleasure to have its ingenious author for our companion through other foreign states. Our wish has been speedily accomplished; and, in

our perusal of 'The Americans as they are,' we have been gratified with the same unaffected but lively style, the same terseness of description, and well-applied characteristic anecdotes, which called for our commendation in the former publication. The author is a man of judgment, and possesses an accomplished mind, both of which he really and conscientiously employs in examining the objects that come before him, and in representing both men and manners as he finds them. The design of the present work is to enable us in England to judge of the real situation of our trans-atlantic contemporaries; and though we think the author over-rates a little the faith people will put in his condensed statements, we are inclined to place very considerable confidence in the unaffected details, and apparently unprejudiced opinions, contained in his publication. The statements of one man of plain good sense respecting the manners or condition of a foreign country, are a better ground-work for our speculations than a hundred theories of travelling philosophers. We shall, in our next, give our readers some of the most amusing passages of this work; at present, the following detached anecdote will serve the purpose of showing them how our author tells his American stories:

'For adventurers of all descriptions, Indiana holds out allurements of every kind. Numbers of Germans, French, and Irish, are scattered in the towns, and over the country, carrying on the business of bakers, grocers, store, grog-shops, and tavern-keepers. In time, these people will become steady from necessity, and consequently prosperous. The number of the inhabitants of Indiana amounts to 215,000. Its admission into the Union as a sovereign state, dates from the year 1815 to 1816; its constitution differs in some points from that of Ohio, and its governor is elected for the term of three years.

'Madisonville, the seat of justice for Jefferson-county, on the second bank of the Ohio, fifty-seven miles above its falls, contains at present 180 dwelling-houses, a court-house, four stores, three inns, a printing-office—with 800 inhabitants, most of them Kentuckians. The innkeeper of the tavern at which I alighted, does no credit to the character of this people. He was engaged for some time in certain bank-note affairs, which qualified him for an imprisonment of ten years; he escaped, however, by the assistance of his legal friends, and of 1000 dollars. The opportunity of testifying his gratitude to these gentlemen soon presented itself. One of his neighbours, a boatman, had the misfortune to possess a wife who attracted his attention. Her husband, knowing the temper of the man, resolved to sell all he had, and to move down to Louisville. Some days before his intended departure, he met Sheets in the street, and addressed him in these words: "Mr. Sheets, I ought to chastise you for making such shameful proposals to my wife;" so saying, he gently touched him with his cane. Sheets, without uttering a syllable, drew his poniard, and stabbed him in the breast. The unfortunate husband fell, exclaiming, "Oh, God! I am a dead man!" "Not yet," said Sheets, drawing his poniard out of the wound, and running it a second time through his heart; "Now, my dear fellow, I guess we have done." This monster was seized and imprisoned, and his trial took place. His countrymen took, as might be expected, a great interest in his fate. With the assistance of 3000 dollars, he even this time escaped the gallows. I read the issue of the trial, and the summons of the jury, in the county paper of 1823, which was actually handed to me, in the evening by one of the guests. But a more remarkable circumstance is, that the inhabitants continue to frequent his tavern. At first they stayed away for some weeks; but in less than a month the affair was forgotten, and his house is now visited as before.'

ORIGINES GENEALOGICÆ.

Origines Genealogicæ; or, the Sources whence English Genealogies may be traced, from the Conquest to the present time; accompanied by Specimens of Ancient Records, Rolls, and Manuscripts, with Proofs of their Genealogical Utility. Published expressly for the Assistance of Claimants to Hereditary Titles, Honours, or Estates. By STACEY GRIMALDI, F.S.A. Pp. 342. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green. London, 1828.

WITHOUT having any sympathy with that species of assumption which would advance an illus-

trious descent as a sufficient apology, or any apology at all, for the absence of every other element of respectability in the character of an individual, we are not insensible, we confess, to the interest which, in all ages, and among every people, has been felt, to be reflected upon the living inheritor of a distinguished name, from his dead but unforgotten ancestors. Even if there were nothing in blood, there would still be something for the imagination to linger over in that discernible and unbroken chain by which a family genealogy links, as it were, the homely and prosaic present to the picturesque and glorified past, in that semblance of undying life which it gives to the more soaring spirits of every time, whom we delight in believing, in spite of death, to have left at least a part of themselves among us in their honoured descendants; and thus, buried though they be, to undergo in some measure a resurrection and revival with the springing up of every new generation. Call this a mere fiction, if you will; it is still one neither disowned by human nature, nor without its poetry to the unsophisticated heart. We know that it is a very easy matter for a cold and superficial philosophy to make its mockery of these favourite dreams of fancy, as only so much visionary romance. That philosophy does not understand what it prattles of so arrogantly. To talk to it of imagination or poetry, is like attempting to instruct him who has been born blind 'how nature paints her colours,' and expecting him either to understand your descriptions, or to sympathize with your admiration of her gorgeous pencilling. Happily, however, feeling and fancy are pretty independent of philosophy, and will have their own way, let philosophy say what it pleases.

In reference to the point before us, they are hardly to be divorced, we suspect, from their visions and predilections, either by ridicule or reasoning. Reason may correct our views as to the occasions on which we ought, or ought not, to listen to the suggestions of the imagination; but it cannot strike the imagination itself with impotency, or strip humanity of any of those tendencies and attributes which are, in fact, part and parcel of its being. We claim, for high descent, only its poetic importance. Be it that the representative of a mighty line is the inheritor of nothing more than the name of his departed forefathers: for all the purposes of imagination, even this is enough. That mere '*nominis umbra*' has an impressiveness for the heart, far greater than many a more substantial possession would carry along with it. What patriotic bosom is there, for example, in our own land, to whom the names of Russell and Cavendish are not stirring sounds, and they that worthily bear them dearer, even for the sake of these accidental and shadowy distinctions? Or to take another illustration, who is there among the lovers of poetry who would not go many a mile but to gaze on any one belonging to the long-lost remnant of the lineage of Milton, or who could stand without emotion before any living inheritor of the name and the blood of Shakspeare?

How happens it, by the bye, that our literary history has been so sparingly illustrated by the labours of our professed genealogists? Is no pedigree worth the tracing that has not a soldier or a statesman at its root? We should like, we acknowledge, to see an enumeration of the existing descendants of our poets and philosophers, an attempt made to give due emblazonment to that most honourable of all genealogical distinctions, an extraction from ancestors renowned for their intellectual and literary greatness. To us such a book of nobility as this would be the most interesting of all peerages. Of the families whose generations we find enumerated so carefully in the common compilations, not a few were indebted for their original elevation merely to the unearned favour of fortune; some even rose at first to the high place they still occupy, on the same principle on which the more cor-

rupt particles of every mass become buoyant and float upon the surface. In these cases, heraldry plies her art and lavishes her flatteries in vain, to dazzle even the imagination. Her coronets are baubles, her muster-roll of titles but as 'sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.' There is nothing in the first acquisition of the name, or about the memory of him who first bore it, to hallow it to the heart, so that we should take any interest in following its transmission through succeeding centuries. But where is to be found a splendour like that which surrounds the memory of the mighty men of a nation's literature? The chief glory of every people, says Dr. Johnson, is its authors. No people, in truth, without authors can acquire any glory. The Roman historian felt this when he vindicated the unsurpassed heroism of his countrymen, by attributing the wider fame of Greece, not to her more successful arms, but to her better writers. Our own Milton knew it well, when he patriotically resolved 'to fix all the industry and art he could unite to the adorning of his native tongue,'—'not caring,' he adds, with the complaint of Sallust evidently in his recollection, 'to be once named abroad, though, perhaps, I could attain to that, but content with these British islands as my world, whose fortune hath hitherto been, that if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics.'

It is singular enough, however, how few of the names most distinguished in our own literature have preserved themselves among us, by any living representatives, to the present time. Were we to make a catalogue of the existing descendants of our men of genius, it would scarcely include a single individual who could boast that there flowed in his veins the blood of any of those whom we are accustomed to place at the summit of our national authorship; and not a great many persons, we apprehend, entitled to deduce their lineage even from any of the *Dei minores*: of our literary Olympus. To enumerate but a few names that occur to us while we write, the race of Chaucer, the 'morning star of our literature,' is understood to have been long ago extinct; we know nothing of any descendants of Spenser, although we believe a person appeared in England, in the reign of King William, who claimed him as his ancestor, and made an unsuccessful attempt on that ground to recover the Irish estates which had been granted to the poet by Elizabeth. Shakspeare left two daughters, both of whom were married and had families; but none of whose descendants now survive. All knowledge of what has become of the race of Milton has been lost for many years. None remain who count either Bacon or Newton among their ancestry. The poets Surrey, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, Beattie, and Cowper, with many others of equal celebrity, all either died childless, or have now, at least, no representatives. No offspring ever inherited the name of Addison, or Swift, or Johnson, or Hume, or Gibbon, or Smith. The same remark holds true of Fox, and the second Pitt, Burke lost his only son some years before his own death. The list might easily be greatly lengthened; but the names already mentioned are, many of them at least, far more renowned than any we could add to them.

In general, indeed, it may be said that none of the brightest luminaries of our literature have transmitted their names to the present times as the founders of families. The 'long trails of light descending down,' which they have sent forth to us, have not sparkled from the successive links of a genealogy, but have spread themselves throughout the universal air like the streaming radiance from a star, and blessed alike abundantly the eyes of all who gazed upon their beauty. The whole multitude of their fellow-countrymen,

in truth, form the family for whom they lived, and to whom, now that they have left the earth, the guardianship of their fame is most appropriately entrusted. Or, if they have left behind them any image of themselves, it is to be found, not in the offspring of their bodies, but of their minds, in those immortal volumes which contain the glowing picture of what they were, and preserve to us, as in an indestructible enshrinement, all that their exalted spirits had of purer essence and more godlike power.

It is time, however, that we should notice Mr. Grimaldi's work, which we have perused with much interest. The English genealogist will find this publication, we are persuaded, an exceedingly useful auxiliary. The object of the author, as announced in his title page, is to state 'the sources whence English genealogies may be traced from the Conquest to the present time,' and in the pursuit of this design, he has certainly collected a great deal of curious and important information, which formerly lay dispersed among a variety of repositories, some (of which were far from being easily accessible,) as well as added some details, supplied by his own experience, to those previously in the possession of the public. The plan of the work is, to give an account of every description of record existing in the country, in which the student of English genealogy is likely to find any information connected with the subject of his researches. To illustrate the nature and character of the several documents reviewed by extracts, and finally to point out the genealogical utility of each by an enumeration or selection of the instances in which it has been referred to, either in supporting claims to hereditary titles, honours, or estates, or in the historical elucidation of pedigrees. In this last department of his labours, in particular, Mr. Grimaldi's details will often be found to be of considerable novelty and value. His work altogether is, indeed, an excellent manual for the guidance of the legal genealogist, and can hardly fail in many cases, materially to facilitate and abridge his investigations. We wish, however, the book had been printed in a cheaper and more commodious form. An octavo volume, which might be sold for the fifth or sixth part of the price of this broad-margined quarto, might be made, we apprehend, to contain quite as much matter, and would, we are sure, be found much more extensively useful.

We give an extract from one of the shortest sections of the work, as a specimen of the manner in which it is executed. The following remarks appear under the head of 'Entries in Bibles and other Books, Family Letters and Manuscripts, 25 Henry VIII., 1533, to 6 George IV., 1826:'

'No description can be necessary of documents familiar to every one; and as the entries in family bibles, prayer or other books, when made by the parent, head of a family, or other competent person, of births, marriages, deaths and circumstances happening within his own knowledge, are good evidence of such transactions, it is surprising that so little regard should be paid to the regular entries of events of so much importance. It is not to be presumed many families are in possession of documents relating to their ancestors, of the remote period at which this chapter takes its date; the general ignorance of the age did not allow of such manuscripts being common; and, perhaps a period of two centuries back would be much more generally applicable than the date given (1534): unimportant, however, as is the date used, it has been selected from the circumstance of a manuscript of the Cavendish family, containing entries of their births, deaths, and marriages, commencing in that year, a part of which has been (from its curiosity) given as a specimen. No search can be too earnest to discover the family bible, and family manuscripts, for innumerable are the individuals in England not registered in the parochial books of baptisms: some parents are Roman Catholics or Sectarians, some are too poor, some too careless, whilst others erroneously think all accomplished by a half baptism; and unless the bibles or private manuscripts of such parties contain entries of their families, there may, perhaps, not be a single proof in existence, by

which their descents can be traced; such also has been the neglect which many of our parish registers have suffered from political troubles during the time of Charles I, and from individual negligence since, that the utility of a family register is often greater than there ought to be occasion for. Letters, and the innumerable miscellaneous manuscripts and documents which are frequently treasured up in families, afford very valuable assistance to pedigrees, and have been used and received as evidence in support of such at all periods.

* Prior to the reign of Henry V. specimens of English correspondence are rare, letters previously to that time were usually written in French or in Latin, and were the productions chiefly of the great or the learned. The letters of learned men were verbose treatises, mostly on express subjects: those of the great who employed scribes, from their formality, resembled legal instruments. We have nothing earlier than the 15th century, which can be termed a *familiar letter*. The material too upon which letters were written up to the same period, was usually vellum; very few instances, indeed, occurring of more ancient date, of letters written upon paper.'

We pass over the illustration quoted from a family manuscript of the Cavendishes, and add only the details given under the head of 'Genealogical Utility.'

'In the unsuccessful claim of the Rev. Edward Tymewell Brydges to the Barony of Chandos, in 1790, mutilated letters were produced before a Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords as evidence in support of the petitioner's asserted relationship with the ancient Chandos family.†

'In the claim of Sir John Shelley Sydney, Bart. to the barony of De L'Isle, there was produced before the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords an ancient pedigree, brought from the evidence-room at Penshurst Place, the set of the petitioner's family, entitled, "The Genealogies of sundrie noble and famous Howses, whereof Sir Robert Sidney, Knight, is lineallie descended, which said howses are divided into five parts;† and the same was received in evidence, as proof of many statements in the petitioner's pedigree.‡

'In the Molesworth Peerage case in 1821, a letter, without the envelope in which it had been, and consequently without an address, was not allowed as evidence before a Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords, in consequence of such deficiencies.§

'In the Roscommon Peerage case in 1824, the letter of a former and deceased claimant to the earldom, was produced and received as evidence before the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords, that he had no issue at the date of writing the letter.

'At the Shrewsbury Summer Assizes 1823, a family bible, containing the plaintiff's pedigree, was produced, and the pedigree was (notwithstanding an objection to such evidence) allowed to be read, the judge receiving it on the authority of the case, Doe dem. Cleveland, York assizes; leaving it, however, to the jury to say, whether, from the unsatisfactory account of the plaintiff's possession of such bible, as well as from the unsatisfactory appearance of the entries therein, (the whole having been evidently written by one person, at one time, although comprising the family events of nearly half a century,) they considered the entries entitled to credit.

'In the claim of Hans Francis Hastings, Esq. in 1818 to the earldom of Huntingdon, there was produced before the Attorney General, to whom the petitioner's claim was referred, a letter from the Countess of Moira, deceased, the heiress of the last Earl of Huntingdon, in which she stated in the most positive manner, that the petitioner's uncle, and, on failure of his issue male, the petitioner's father, was next heir to the earldom;¶ and this letter is understood to have had much influence in the success which attended the petitioner's claim.

M. Goep's New Work.—M. Goep, one of the Pastors of the German Lutheran Church at Paris, has recently published a volume of Poetry in his native language, entitled 'The Redeemer,' in which his admirers insist that he has even rivalled Klopstock. Deeply and sincerely pious, he has endeavoured to invest his religious ideas in verse, and has been eminently successful.

* Ellis's Original Letters.

† Minutes of the Chandos Peerage.

‡ Minutes of Evidence, p. 115.

§ Molesworth Minutes of Evidence, p. 36.

¶ Fairclaim dem. Jones v. Harrison.

¶ Huntingdon Peerage, by H. N. Bell, 1821, p. 357.

Letters to the Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdown, and the Right Honourable the Earl of Carlisle, on the Introduction of the Military into the King's Bench, with other Papers on Prison Discipline and various Subjects. By Martin Stapylton, Esq. pp. 232. Hatchard. London, 1828.

If it be true that the title-page of a book ought always to indicate the leading feature of its contents, then is the volume before us ill-named; scarcely one-third of its pages being dedicated to the subjects so conspicuously announced.

The Letters to the Noble Lords above mentioned relate to a humane interference, on the part of the author, to procure the liberation of some individuals who were imprisoned in the strong room of the King's Bench prison, for alleged riotous conduct during the mock election of last July. The 'Papers on Prison Discipline' contain merely the particulars of an unsuccessful application to the Court of King's Bench, and of a subsequent successful petition to Parliament, to prevent the employment of *untried* prisoners on the tread-mill,—a practice, by the way, which reflects little credit on the justice or humanity of those magistrates who cling to it with such pertinacity, and renounced it with such obvious reluctance. These subjects, however, occupy only 86 pages out of 232, while the remainder of the volume is taken up with the speeches and proceedings of the author, on various occasions and on various subjects, from the year 1812 downwards,—valuable records, perhaps, to himself and his friends, but possessing very little interest for the public at large. He appears to have carefully gathered together every mention of his own name from the newspaper files of four lustres, vainly hoping that this aggregate of petty notoriety would blend into a permanent fame as easily as the collected paragraphs would make up a substantial octavo; and we, therefore, beg leave to suggest, that the continuation which we are desirous to look for, should appear under the more appropriate designation of 'Sayings and Doings, by Martin Stapylton, of Myton Hall, Esq., Justice of the Peace, and so forth.'

It would be unjust, however, to conclude this notice, which our duty to the public demands should be brief, without paying a cordial tribute of approbation to the active and liberal humanity which seems to characterize all the exertions of Mr. Stapylton, in his own sphere as an English country gentleman. Whatever disappointment may be the result of his present publication, no unkindness of criticism can deprive him of that 'consciousness of having been useful,' which he assures us is the only reward to which he aspires.

The Birth-Day, and other Tales, by Elizabeth Frances Dagley, Author of Fairy Favours, &c. 18mo. J. Bulcock. London, 1828.

This volume is the production (as we learn from the dedication to Mrs. Hemans) of a young lady, daughter to the compiler of 'Death's Doings,' and the etcher of the plates in 'Gems from the Antique,' illustrated by Mr. Croly. We had read her former little work, and were prepared to be pleased with the present one, from the favourable specimen of the author's talents which it presented;—we are bound to say we have not been disappointed. Its tone and style are calculated for the capacities of children; and there is a vein of good humour throughout its pages which cannot fail to recommend it to its juvenile readers. From this decision we must, however, except the tale which gives a title to the work; it is decidedly the cleverest in the volume, but is much more suited to the understandings of mothers than the amusement of children.—Its object is to expose the errors of ordinary female education, and to hold up to merited contempt that system of instruction which gives the semblance of talent without its enthusiasm, and drills the devoted child into all the forms of accomplishment, without infusing *taste* for their cultivation or enjoyment in their pursuit. The management of this story reminds us strongly of some of Mrs. Opie's Sketches of Society, and another, entitled 'Proposing and Disposing,' is equal to any of Miss Edgeworth's juvenile tales. We strongly recommend the book to parents as well as children, as highly instructive to both, and amply amusing for either.

Dr. Goldsmith's Abridgement of the Histories of Rome and Greece, for the Use of Schools, with Questions for Examination. By ROBERT SIMPSON. Oliver and Boyd. Edinburgh, 1828.

THESE are neat and cleverly edited reprints of very popular school-books. The questions at the end of each chapter appear to be well chosen, and the introductory matter to the History of Rome cannot fail of being remarkably useful to the young student.

PICTURES OF SOCIETY—DRAWN FROM LIFE
BY A NOBLEMAN.

No. X.

Prince Ypsilanti.—Scene, Louisburg.

(Continued from our last.)

'Le plus grands mystères de ce monde ne consistent pas tous dans l'homme. Une force indépendante de lui le menace, et le protège selon les loix qu'il ne peut pénétrer.'

'HEAR me,' continued Ypsilanti, 'and then judge. From early childhood, I have proudly cherished the hope of setting my country free, and avenging the wrongs of my family, who were basely sacrificed to political suspicion. This hope supported me through a weary apprenticeship to the military profession in Russia, when I filled the rank of ensign in the Guards. It enabled me even to endure the overbearing insolence of men, who were my superiors in rank, though I was far from considering them as even my equals in the world. The hope of living to see the fulfilment of the objects nearest my heart, made me willingly submit to the tyrannical discipline of the emperor's brother, of whose rigid punctilio, the anecdote of the court ball is a sufficient evidence.* The sentiments which took root in my heart at so early an age, were developed and strengthened as I advanced in life, and have never forsaken me, either in the camp or in the court. My mind is incessantly haunted with recollections of my father, basely betrayed by courtiers, who, measuring their ingratitude by the extent of the favours he had conferred on them, solicited and obtained from the Divan his deposition and the sacrifice of his life, which was preserved only by the faithful Arnauts of his guards, who escorted him across the Carpathian mountains to the hospitable court of Alexander. I still see my mother on her death-bed, making me swear eternal hatred to the followers of Islamism, and vengeance on the monsters who went to Constantinople to deliver up her father, the last of the Comeni, into the hands of the executioners. The standard of independence is already unfurled in the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia. Confidential agents are issuing proclamations, to which the inhabitants reply by flying to arms. The Boyards are heading their vassals, and in three days I shall join them. Can you believe that the people will remain deaf to the cry of liberty raised by the son of their Hospodar?† I know, my friend,' I replied, 'the reputation and the recollections which your father has left behind him in the country which he ruled so wisely.† I have myself witnessed the veneration in which his name is held, and the esteem that is entertained for you, since you have, by your own merit, risen to the rank of General in the Russian army. Besides, the Princess

* While Prince Ypsilanti was dancing a polonaise with Princess Jeanetta Czernestinska, his regimental hat got turned a little to one side. 'Ypsilanti, that is not etiquette,' said the Grand Duke Constantine as he passed him. The Prince drew his hat over his forehead; but in the second round the hat again got displaced. 'Ypsilanti,' repeated the Grand Duke in a tone of violent displeasure, 'I have already told you that that is not right.' In the third round, the unfortunate hat again transgressed the military regulation. The Prince was immediately ordered to leave the ball room, and was sent to prison for three days. 'There you may learn,' said Constantine, 'to wear your hat as you should do.'

† The Hospodar is perhaps the only Sovereign whose government is regretted after an existence of six years. The following is a trait honourable to a legislator. Having the lives of his subjects at his arbitrary disposal, against which there was no possibility of appeal, and knowing the cruelties which despotism is liable to commit, Ypsilanti decreed, that before the execution of a criminal, the governor of prisons should appear three times in his presence, solemnly repeating the words—'Dost thou persist in shedding human blood?'

Helena has assured me that you will depart, followed by the good wishes of Russia, and even of all Europe. But, Prince, while your generous soul cherishes these flattering hopes, have you weighed the consequences that may attend your project. Success alone will justify the step you meditate; and should a single reverse chill the ardour of your partisans, your enterprise which is now considered as sublime, will be pronounced wild and fanatical, and you will fall a victim to your noble devotedness. For the last thirty years, the French revolution has convulsed the whole of Europe. We have seen a good cause of one day become a criminal cause on the next, and even posterity will judge only from results. But far be it from me to dissuade you from your determination, though I conceive it to be the duty of friendship to warn you against the dangers in which your noble enthusiasm may involve you. Consider how many unsuccessful attempts have already been made for the liberation of Greece. The Empress Catharine, you know, sent Alexis Orloff to the Mediterranean, to attack the Mussulman force. What were the consequences of the expedition to the Peloponnesus? The Greeks, who had been excited to rise by the promises of Russia, were soon cruelly forsaken, and delivered up to the implacable revenge of their irritated masters.' 'But times are changed,' said Ypsilanti; 'the cause of Greece is now the cause of Europe. It is the cause of religion as well as of humanity.' 'Certainly,' resumed I, 'the most revolting pictures have been drawn of the excesses committed by the barbarians in the subjugated provinces. A universal cry of indignation has been raised against them, strong representations have been made to them on the subject of their tyranny; but, notwithstanding all their stupid ignorance, they are persuaded that their political existence is indispensable to the balance of Europe, and it is, in fact, on this account that they have for many years been tolerated in their station on the Bosphorus. Were they driven back into Asia, to whom would the Dardanelles be ceded? Philosophy grieves to be obliged to yield to this political consideration.' 'What apprehensions do you now disclose?' said the Prince with emotion. 'I no longer recognise in you those sentiments which once so perfectly sympathised with mine, and which formed the first links of our affection.' 'They are not changed, my dear Alexander,' I replied, 'but a few years such as those which have last passed away, may have matured them sooner than might otherwise have been expected. In this age, life advances rapidly, and I have too often seen cases in which reflection only arrived with the last misfortune. Having been the spectator of many dramatic scenes, I can form some judgment of actors, plots, and denouements; and what I have learned most to distrust, is the appearance of violent enthusiasm, under whatever denomination it may display itself.' 'Enthusiasm is, however, the parent of great actions. It is like sail to a ship; with too much, a vessel may be foundered; but without, she would never reach her Port.'

'Look here, my dear friend,' said I, 'is not that the town of Wunsiedel?' 'Yes, certainly, to the left.' 'Well, look, do you see that white house surrounded with poplars?' 'Well, what of it?' 'What of it! That is the birth-place of Sand, whom political fanaticism armed with a poignard to assassinate a defenceless old man, and the blood of Kotzebue—' 'What has the shedding of the blood of Kotzebue, or any such useless crime, to do with the deliverance of Greece?' 'Unquestionably there is no direct connection between them; but all innovations of this kind commence almost always with massacres; and when Barère said that revolutions are not to be made with luke-warm water, he spoke the plain truth. Besides, all these rings, fastened one into another, are to form an extended chain, of which you are to be the most conspicuous link. Are you able to resist the efforts which will be made

to ruin or at least to injure you.' 'I hope, supported as I am, by friends zealously devoted to the cause which I embrace, and for which every Greek is ready to shed his blood.' 'Alas! my dear friend, do you recollect how often, at Petersburg, I have blamed you for judging of others by yourself, when, with all the enthusiasm of an exaggerated recollection, you used to draw such flattering portraits of some of your countrymen. I had not been long at Constantinople, before I was convinced, that, in consequence of the early age at which you left Greece, you had had no opportunity of forming an opinion of its people, except by what you saw in your own family or read in books. It is impossible, indeed, to imagine any thing more degraded than the character of the leading men of the Fanare,* whose silly vanity prompts them to crawl at the feet of beings whom they despise. I saw enough there to convince me how dangerous it must be to place confidence in corrupt hearts. Finally, in consequence of the state of slavery, in which they have long existed, I consider them so degenerate, that, like the Israelites of old, they will murmur at their deliverance.' 'The picture is unfavourable, I will even say, unjust,' replied Ypsilanti, with some warmth, 'but facts always speak more clearly than arguments, and time is still a better instructor. You will take it for granted, I hope, that I have not acted altogether without reflection: moreover, to settle your friendly doubts, I wish you to return with me to Carlsbad. I will there prove to you, that the plan which I follow is as wisely framed as the cause it will render triumphant is sacred.' 'Excuse me, Prince, I must leave Alexanderbad this evening, and sleep in Beirut to-night; but if the affair which calls me thither, should terminate as promptly as I wish it, I promise you to set out for Bohemia before to-morrow night. But be that as it may, in whatever spot I may be, you may rely upon it, that there you have a friend.' 'Of that I am certain,' said Ypsilanti.

We began to descend the mountain, contemplating the astonishing effects of nature which surrounded us. I pressed his arm close to my side, and we walked down without speaking a word. I feared to break the silence, for I was so interested by what I had heard, that any thing I could have said, would have been cold compared to my feelings. When we reached the bottom of the mountain, the sun had set. The flowers exhaled their perfumes, returning the incense of evening to the fine day which had given them life. The bleating of the flocks, and the song of the reapers, gladdened their way to the fold and the hamlet. The shepherd of the valley made the echoes of Louisburgh resound with his rustic pipe.

'We must now part,' said Ypsilanti, and we accordingly took leave of each other; but we soon turned again towards those imposing masses which we were, doubtless, about to abandon for ever. 'You perceive,' said he, 'how the most sublime harmony, may arise out of the greatest disorder. Thousands of ages have rolled away since nature, in a prolonged convulsion, threw from her bosom those children of creation; but, in the midst of the frightful crisis, do we not seem to see the hand of the Creator stretched out to stop this incipient germ of general destruction, and commanding the furious elements to be still.' 'How many profound reflections are awakened by these awful phenomena,' said I; 'and how well do the convulsions of nature remind us of the dangerous moral convulsions produced by the passions of men! At a former period, Europe, transformed into one vast field of carnage, was visited, from west to east, by all the scourges which ambition drags in her train. Countries were laid waste, towns deserted, indus-

* The quarter of Constantinople inhabited by the Greeks.

try and irrevocably paralyze', and the very springs of life and happiness assailed; while providence seemed to turn a deaf ear to the prayers of supplicating nations. Alas! my dear Prince, do you not tremble to think that a single spark may yet rekindle the volcano, and that the brand of destruction is in your hands?"—"Great crises," said Ypsilanti, "are necessary to temper men's minds, as revolutions are requisite to enlighten them. The moment has arrived for the regeneration of Greece. Ages of glory will yet arise upon my unhappy country; and if I help to raise her from the state of degradation into which misfortune has plunged her, I shall not at least die unremembered. However," continued he, fervently pressing my hand, after a short pause, "I thank you for what you have said. Men's actions are often judged of so unfairly, and the poison of calumny is so unsparingly diffused, that it is not improbable my motives may be falsely interpreted. But you, my friend, you will defend me. You, who know my heart, will not suffer me to be accused of any thing base and ungenerous. Here is a manuscript, which I entrust to your care. It contains a detail of the principal events of my life, and that of my father, together with the causes by which existing circumstances have been brought about. Among the papers are some official documents. Take them all; and, if I should perish in my enterprise, you will publish them. They will bear evidence of the pure sentiments by which I have been actuated." I received the papers, promising to publish them whenever he might authorise me to do so.

We had now reached the gates of the castle, where my carriage was waiting. I embraced my friend, and my looks, doubtless, informed him how deeply I felt the painful adieu. Alas! I was doomed never to see him more. He was chosen by the Hetaria to direct the enterprise which had for its object the independence of Greece. In January, 1821, he proceeded to Bessarabia, where, conjointly with his friends, he concerted the measures to be adopted. The secret was communicated to Michael Sontzo, the Hospodar of Moldavia, who promised to co-operate in the enterprise to the utmost of his power. Wladimiresko, Boyard of Crayova, joined the cause, at the head of a band of adventurers, of all nations, with whom he ravaged and pillaged Walachia. As the number of his adherents was rapidly augmenting, Ypsilanti thought it time to hasten the execution of his schemes, in concert with Wladimiresko. The Prince next arrived at Jassy, at the head of two hundred Greeks, who had been armed in Bessarabia, and he there published the proclamation, in which he styled himself the agent of Russia, and the leader of the Russian forces. All the Greek adventurers, together with great numbers of Moldavians and Walachians, joined him, and he soon formed a corps of four thousand men. Moldavia immediately leagued with him, and Walachia soon after, and thus supported, he marched to Bucharest, of which he took possession.

The Pashas of the Danube having hastily combined all their disposable troops, sent 20,000 men against Ypsilanti. The Prince, avoiding a general action, retreated slowly to the mountains, which were inaccessible to the Turkish cavalry; but notwithstanding his obstinate resistance, and the military talents he displayed, he was unsuccessful. Betrayed by Wladimiresko, the Prince soon found himself entirely abandoned by his troops. After making a last effort, he perceived the inutilty of farther resistance, and in the month of June, 1821, resolved to join his brother Demetrius, who had preceded him in the Peloponnesus. He then crossed the Carpathian mountains, and took the road to Transylvania; but he was arrested by the Austrians, and confined two years in the fortress of Montgat* in Hungary, and four years and a half in Theresienstadt in Bohemia.

* Illustrious but unfortunate names seem to be from age to age associated with Montgat, Prince Bagotski,

'Treason never succeeds, and what's the reason? When it succeeds, it is no longer treason.'

All the efforts of his friends, to procure his liberty, were exerted in vain. A deaf ear was turned to all their prayers, and they soon found it necessary to discontinue farther applications, lest their interference should render his treatment worse. The Emperor Alexander disavowed the enterprise of Ypsilanti, and ordered his name to be struck off the Russian army list. This Prince was then convinced, that in politics to fail is to be criminal.

However, when the three great Powers entered into stipulations for bringing about the pacification of Greece, either by representations, or by force of arms, Russia demanded the liberation of Ypsilanti; but that was only granted on the express condition that he should not leave the Austrian States; and he was then ordered to reside in Verona. Alas! the Austrian clemency came too late. Seven years of suffering had undermined his constitution. In passing through Vienna, on his way to Italy, he fell sick; and, after two months of severe illness, died on the 31st of January last, aged only 36, in the arms of his sister, Princess Rouzamowska, who caused him to be buried with the funeral honours due to his rank, and to the esteem with which he was justly regarded.

As the friend of this unfortunate Prince, I may now publish the papers he entrusted to my care, and remove the thick veil with which a tortuous policy has too long covered its interesting victim. I shall do so; for, perhaps, even the tomb will not protect his memory. Calumny disappears on the death of the obscure, but clings to the urn of the illustrious, and, after ages have passed away, seeks to disturb and degrade their ashes. Ypsilanti, however, had friends during life, and ought not to want defenders after death. Peace to the soul of the departed hero, who devoted his talents, his life, and his fortune, to the defence of his country; and may his memory be revered as long as patriotism, courage, and loyalty, are honoured among men!

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. III.

THE elegant mythology of ancient Greece and Rome has handed down to us a very significant emblem of justice, by representing her with a bandage over her eyes, a sword in one hand, and a pair of scales in the other; and some such allegorical figure is suggested to our imagination by the idea of a severe and judicious critic, who, in the retirement of his closet, sits in judgment on the merits and demerits of authors, and by his sentence, regulates the fate of literary reputations.

It seems, in fact, that criticism has assumed a species of public magistracy of great dignity and utility, and that its decisions, in a great measure, tend to promote the advancement of learning; or, if ill-directed, leads equally to its degradation. If its judgments are swayed by hatred or partiality, a corruption of taste is the natural consequence, as well as an encouragement of mediocrity, while real genius is thrown into the shade.

If, on the other hand, the decisions of the critic are regulated by a spirit of independence, and a due sense of equity, the false idols of ephemeral worship are dislodged from their eminence, while the niches of the temple of fame are occupied by writers, whose works bear the impression of a refined taste, and being divested of error and superstition, are capable of enlightening mankind, and enlarging the boundaries of science beyond the ordinary extent.

But the critic, if he wishes to exercise his sway

and Counts Tekeli and Sereski, the victims of their unsuccessful courage were long imprisoned in this fortress. But in defending their rights, they had attacked Austria; Ypsilanti, on the contrary, had only combated the enemies of Christianity.

with dignity and ability, should have his own mind stored with the amplest treasures of learning, and be conversant with the writings of authors of the first stamp; he should possess a profound knowledge of the fundamental principles of the art of composition, and be well versed in the various branches of general literature. But a quality still more essential is requisite, which is an unconquerable love of truth that should animate the breast of the critic, when he stands as the umpire between ignorance and talent, mediocrity and genius, and decides with strict impartiality on the real merit of their pretensions. This passion should operate in him as a species of religion, that would engage him to immolate friendship on the altar of justice, and reign paramount over the sentiments of fear, or partial considerations, or the paltry policy of a declining monarchy, that sinks by its own imbecility into contempt. The true critic should be severe, upright, and independent; he should repulse flattery and fiction; and the sphere of his dominion, should be, according to the expression of an author of high celebrity, 'a republic of life and energy.' He, like the sovereign whose stamp gives value and currency to the precious metals, should affix the due degree of estimation to every literary work, should secure the public against the circulation of false and adulterated symbols of value, and mark with his approbation such only as come forth fresh from the mint of real genius.

Such is our notion of true criticism, and such is the spirit in which it has been exercised by an Aristotle, a Longinus, a Blair, and a Laharpe, as well as by a Tirabosche, and a Schlegel. By endeavouring to follow in the same path, our labours have met with a favourable reception from the public, who have sanctioned our decisions by their own approbation; and we shall still endeavour to merit the continuation of that honourable distinction, by perseverance in the path already marked out for the line of our critical conduct. Wounded vanity, and baffled speculation, as well as detected mediocrity, may raise a cry against us, and accuse us of partiality and severity; but we shall fearlessly proceed to espouse the cause of science and literature, to give currency to useful truths, to point out publications of merit, and to adopt, as our polar star, the dictates of conscience and reason. While we steer clear from the spirit of party animosity, and the vulgarity of national prejudices, our judgments, being unbiassed by any undue prepossessions, will, as we flatter ourselves, have their due weight with the literary public, especially as they shall be divested of the sinister influence of hatred, or complaisance, servility, or self-interest. These observations, we hope, will not be considered inapplicable to the subject, placed as they are at the head of an article on 'The Foreign Quarterly Review,' and preceding the opinion which we think it our duty to deliver upon the rivalry of two opposing publications, and which may assist the public in the choice they make between the two Reviews professedly devoted to foreign literature.

In a former article, we analyzed the merits of 'The Foreign Review,' published by Black, Young, and Black, and distributed, with equal impartiality, the praise and the censure which we thought due to the several articles in that Journal. In the same way, we shall be equally sincere in our opinions respecting the merits of 'The Foreign Quarterly Review,' published by Messrs. Treuttel and Wurtz.

The third number of this Journal occupies 402 Svo. pages, of which 351 pages are devoted to a critical examination of French, German, and Italian works; 24 pages are assigned to literary notices of new publications, and the remainder to scientific and literary news.

The first article, which is on 'Phrenology' gives a very clear account of the doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim, and is evidently written by a per-

son who is familiar with that science, and is as strongly opposed to the illustrious Lavater, as he is warmly attached to these renowned physiologists.

The second article on Italian Comedy is below mediocrity, and gives a very faint analysis of three out of the thirteen comedies of Alberto Nota.

The analysis of the *Roman du Rose*, which forms the third article, is not defective in point of interest.

The analytical part of the review of Rey's 'Institutions Judiciaires de l'Angleterre,' deserves commendation, and is particularly interesting to our countrymen, as it gives a correct idea of the judicial organization of France as compared with that of England. But in the slight differences of opinion which prevail between the author of the criticism and Mr. Rey, the former does not sufficiently unfold his objections, and consequently gives rise to a suspicion, that he is actuated by a spirit of contradiction on national grounds.

The fifth article on 'Bohemian Literature,' though an injudicious critic has said that it was 'full of nothing but hard names and bald translations,' appears to us to be one of the very best in the whole Number.

The works examined in the article on Portugal, are scarcely worthy to claim a place amidst bibliographical notices, unless as far as they deserve to be classed among those productions that are only calculated to raise a laugh from their absurdity and extravagance. An exception, however, deserves to be made, in favour of the correspondence between the Emperor Don Pedro, and his father, the late King. The second part of the article presents a rapid sketch of the recent history of Portugal, and of the actual state, as well as the future prospects of that country. But very little novelty is introduced. As for the expectations of the future, nothing is observed but what is known to the whole world, and that every thing depends on Don Miguel; but the critic affords us no new light to enable us to indulge hopes, or entertain fears, respecting the future political conduct of that prince.

We have not read the seventh article, which is on the subject of the 'Edda,' a journal, however, which has shown itself rather inclined to favour the speculations of Messrs. Treuttel and Wurtz, says, that it is 'elaborate, but the quickening life is absent, which beguiles a long and tedious road.'

The article on Turkey contains little fresh information, but it unfolds philosophical views, sufficiently just and comprehensive. But may we be permitted to ask, if the following passage does not overturn, at least in part, what has been advanced by the author of the article on Phrenology?

'We must not, however, believe with Mr. Thornton, (a writer who has borrowed every thing, save his ill-concocted reflections,) that the character of the Turks is composed of nothing but contrarieties, and that every Turk is both humane and cruel, cowardly and courageous: such incongruities can exist only in the mind of the writer. The character of a man is as single and identical as his person. Although the ways of the individual, as well as of society, may be all chaos and discordance to an unskilful observer, yet order and connection are restored to the picture, when the survey is made from the just point of view. A sagacious eye can always command the drift of fluctuating humours, and in the complicated eddies of life detect the central springs of action. The history of a nation is the best portrait of its character; and we learn more of a people from their laws, religion, and domestic usages, than from the conflicting testimony of travellers.'

The analysis of the 'Travels in Italy,' by Mr. Sismondi, is amusing, but too indulgent in its criticisms. A more just estimate was formed of the work by a distinguished Italian critic, who, in the 'Monthly Review' for February, says,

'We have searched through these volumes in vain, in order to discover the present state of science, the progress of information, and of the cultivation of the

human mind in general. In vain have we asked Mr. Sismondi what Piazzi is doing, or has done; what Oriani, Poli, Scarpa, Tommasini, Brugnattelli, Cicognara, Maio, Bossi, Monti, Arici, Pindemonte, Lodi, Bevenuti, and several others, not less celebrated as astronomers, philosophers, historians, literati, and artists. Our author does not seem to have known one of them, not even by reputation. In short, his work is so little impressed with the features of the present century, that the greater part of it might have been written a hundred years ago.'

Of the same work the editors of the 'Globe' required explanation in a very superior article, the latter part of which we shall quote:

'In a word, in these travels, that concluded two years before the revolution of 1822, I would fain seek for something explanatory of the grand events that were about to ensue, and some hints of their future impotent effect. In order to make room for revolutions so very strange and curious, Sismondi might, in strict justice, have suppressed a hundred pages on the ideas of "ancient beauty" and "modern beauty," upon "design" and "colouring," &c. It is an unfortunate circumstance that he never seems to have reflected on the matter.'

We ask, therefore, does this work deserve the following eulogiums from the 'Foreign Quarterly Review'?

'We have shown our high opinion of M. Sismondi's labours, by the length at which we have dwelt upon them. He is a shrewd, sensible, and right-hearted man, with moderate notions as to politics, and very excellent feelings as to religion: acute in observation, and much alive to every thing that concerns the best interests of man. His style is remarkable for its liveliness, and for a happy but quiet humour, which sets all the common occurrences of this every-day world in a comic point of view. He possesses this talent, indeed, in a peculiar degree, so as forcibly to remind us of the conversation of a far greater traveller than himself, a well known nobleman, who has lately been taken from his admiring and affectionate friends, carrying with him the deepest regrets of the wise, the learned, the good, and the unfortunate. M. Sismondi, like him, never uses this talent out of season, never on serious subjects, never so as to wound the feelings of others. If he does not possess the knowledge of the connoisseur, the learning of the antiquary, or the research of the adventurer, his observation, his knowledge of mankind, his remarks on foreign society, to which few travellers have attained so full access, have yet enabled him to write a book of travels, full of information, of interest, and of amusement.'

Finally, the last article, which is on *Molière*, and is attributed to Walter Scott, does not merit all the praises which it has received from several of our contemporaries. It is, indeed, written with gracefulness and facility, but it contains no new information respecting the father of the comedy in France, and his brilliant dramatic compositions. In this article, Sir Walter Scott has only furnished up, in the English style, the observations of Messrs. Anger and Taschereau, on the Life and Writings of *Molière*. The comparison between the comic power of Shakspeare and *Molière* seems to be correct, but it is not unfolded sufficiently at large, and the remarks on the propriety of bringing priestly hypocrisy on the stage forcibly remind us of a college exercise. Sir Walter seems to have been hurried, in point of time, as this article betrays an inferiority to his most ordinary compositions. We would willingly, however, select some striking passages, had we not been anticipated by our contemporaries.

The 'Critical Sketches,' in imitation of the short notices of the 'Foreign Review,' are judiciously selected, but not numerous enough, and too copious when they respect such wretched publications as the last work of M. D'Arincourt, from which the 'Foreign Quarterly' has had the patience to translate some miserable verses, and to make a serious analysis of that very contemptible poem.

We may observe, however, that the present number, which is superior to the two former ones, will never completely satisfy the expectations of the lovers of foreign literature. It pos-

sesses less variety than the number of the 'Foreign Review,' which has come under our investigation; it has but one article (that a bad one) on Italian Literature, and none at all on the Literature of Spain.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

We always hail the opening of the month with pleasure; and we are fidgetty and expectant, while we plunge our paper-knife deep into the bodies of sundry of the light infantry of literature.

BLACKWOOD.

'Blackwood' came before us at mid-day on Saturday. The first article is entitled 'Passages in the Life of Francis Flagstaffe, Esq., late Major in his Majesty's Service.' This is a lengthy, and, in some parts, a prosy concern; and written by no means, as the author supposes, in a 'rattling' style. Mr. Flagstaffe treats '*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*.' Among other matters he gives us an account of his campaign in the Low Countries in 1814—his departure from Aberdeen, and arrival at Willimstadt, together with some detail of the battle of Mexem—of two visits to Brussels—of the loss of a Greenland whaler—of the Glasgow riots—of a visit to Ali Pasha and the Ionian Islands—of a trip to the West Indies—and last, a voyage to Ireland. Some of these details are amusing, others dull, others so-so—while the style is sober and drab-coloured throughout.

The second article in 'Blackwood,' 'The Toilette of the Hebrew Lady,' a translation from the German, is very learned and scriptural, while the details are curious.

There is a good deal of pathos in the 'Chapter on Church-yards,' which forms the third article, but it is pulpit pathos, smelling of the conventicle and of brimstone, neither of which is overagreeable, or, as our readers will allow, very odorous.

'Connor M'Loghlin,' a Tale of the Lower Shannon, is founded on fact, and is not without power in some passages, but it was more eloquently narrated by Mr. W. H. Curran, a year and a half ago, in the 'New Monthly Magazine.'

'Whig Retrenchment and a Plan for the Reduction of the National Debt,' is meant as a kind of reply to an article in the last 'Edinburgh Review.' It lauds 'to the echo' the country gentlemen—denounces the Free Trade system—and must afford pleasant reading to the Baronets, Gooch and Lethbridge.

The 'Review of the ninth Report on Education in Ireland,' breathes the spirit of a religio-political controversy—and has more in it of the *odium theologicum*, than a mere layman could infuse. The Parliamentary Commissioners are lectured, the Irish priests of course vilipended, while the established Hierarchy are made to resemble the Pope very closely—closer than the Reviewer is perhaps aware. His Holiness of Rome lays claim but to infallibility, while the writer in Blackwood maintains, that the Archbishop of Armagh can never go wrong. But we had forgotten that there are Protestant Popes as well as Catholic ones.

The last article on Mr. Leigh Hunt's *Life of Lord Byron*, is an odd compound of methodism, rantipole, swagger, and talent, by turns.

THE NEW MONTHLY.

It gives us infinite pleasure to find that the first article in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' 'The State of Public Affairs' is political, and what is better, decided and straightforward in its tone. On the whole it is a very able paper, and presents a strong but summary view of our internal and external relation.

The 'Manners' Testimonial' by the author of the 'Sketches of the Irish Bar,' abounds with a sly and playful sarcasm. Though Mr. Shiel describes himself in this paper 'as an acrimonious looking urchin,' yet all those who have read the

'Sketches' will agree with us in thinking him a right pleasant and sparkling writer.

'A Swiss Tour' is picturesque and sketchy, but we freely admit we could not wade through 'Country Reading Societies.'

'Society in India' is an interesting graphic account of the manners and customs of the East, in which many strange, through prevailing notions, respecting that distant clime, are corrected. A lively account is given by the author of his voyage out—of his career as an advocate in the Supreme Court of Madras—of a dinner and *post prandium* colloquy with the witty and highly-gifted Bobus Smith at Calcutta. The manners and characters of the Hindoos are well drawn, and a bold outline given of the gorgeous sway of the Marquis Wellesley, the thrifty government of Lord Minto, the imbecile rule of Sir Thomas Barlow, and the magnificent and enlarged system of Lord Hastings, who followed the footsteps of his predecessor, Lord Wellesley. On the whole, this is an article which may be read with interest and profit.

'Rambles in New South Wales' will amply repay a perusal, and may serve as a *pendant* to the article in the last 'Quarterly,' on Peter Cunningham.

'Les Rochers de Madame de Sevigné,' by Lady Morgan, is a very 'chrysolite' in the easy chit-chat 'bonnet de nuit' style, of which the author of the 'O'Briens and O'Flahertys' is so perfect a mistress. There is no one in our day so familiar as Lady Morgan with French literature. In fact, it is a mere household business with her; for all the good things, and 'piquantes causeries' of the memoirs, the *anais*, and the contemporary biography, with its 'scandalum magnatum,' and sly quiet innuendo, are at her fingers' ends. Madame Sevigné has given a deathless interest to all the appendages of her *chateau* in the French, and Lady Morgan has rendered the 'genius of the place' no less enduring and ever-green in English.

There is much (to use the words of the author) of the 'ready touch and go' sociality in the article on the 'Philosophy of Clubs,' which contains some racy sayings of Sheridan, Charles Morris, Brougham, Bolland, and a melancholy but deeply interesting account of the self-destruction of two members of the Beef Steak Club, caused by losses at play in the French capital.

An elegant and classic letter from Mr. Thomas Campbell to the students of Glasgow, in which the literature, comedy, philosophy, and painting of Greece are happily and succinctly developed, closes the original papers of this first, best, and most amusing of the monthly periodicals; and it is but justice to say, that the present Number is one of more than ordinary interest.

THE MONTHLY.

The 'Monthly' opens with a sensible and useful article on the 'Salmon Fisheries of Great Britain;' there is nothing *particular* in 'Traveling Peculiarities, No. 3.'

A 'Dissertation on Beards' is a pleasant bantering and very learned article, with the hoar of much rusty yet curious scholarship.

The article on 'Colonial Policy' is too long in reference to the compass of the Magazine; though it is all through sustained by fact and authority. 'Men and Candles is,' as its title would import, droll, light, and laughably whimsical.

There are some good things in the 'Notes of the Month,' among the best of which, we think, the observations on Mr. Leigh Hunt's Life of Lord Byron.

THE LONDON.

The 'London' is an excellent and impartial Magazine, but there is a sameness and uniformity about it which is rather wearisome. It is in a literary as in a culinary concern, *toujours perdrix* will pall the taste. A partridge is a good thing once in a way, but to have one every

day in the week, is *de trop*. A review of 'New Books' is also a thing that may be swallowed with avidity and digested to boot; but a whole Magazine of Reviews, 'thirteen to the dozen,' is insupportable. Neither is the matter mended in consequence of their all being 'done by the same hand.' Five-sixths of the 'London Magazine,' for the present month, is taken up with notices of, and extracts from, 'Irving's Columbus,' 'Sayings and Doings,' and 'Memoires d'une Contemporaine.' The Diary for February is, this month, according to custom, ' quaint and humorous;' but ridicule is too often resorted to, and it is not *always* the test of truth.

The 'London' has, however, passed into new hands; and, we doubt not, will be much improved by the change.

SACRED MUSIC.

Original Sacred Music, composed expressly for this Work, by Messrs. Attwood, Bishop, J. B. Cramer, Crotch, W. H. Callcott, C. Evans, J. Goss, Horsley, Holder, J. Jolly, Wm. Linley, Novello, Shield, C. Smith, Walmisley, S. Wesley, &c.; with Original Poetry, written by Mrs. Joanna Bailie, Miss Bowles, Mrs. Opie; Bernard Barton, W. Knox, and J. Montgomery, Esqrs., the Rev. H. Milman, and Robert Southey, Esq.; the whole compiled and arranged by ALFRED PETTET, and by him dedicated, with permission, to the King. Folio. London, 1828.

WE have before us a very elegant volume of sacred music, published for the use of cathedral and parochial choirs, as well as for such of those who make the cultivation of devotional music their amusement and solace in private life.

Of the first part, containing original melodies attached to select portions of the new version of the Psalms, harmonized for four voices, we have to say, that, with the exception of a few, we see none, either as melodies or harmonies, that would lead us to reject those adaptations, in use, of Jeremiah Clark, Blow, Green, Purcell, Handel, Ravenscroft, John Milton (the poet's father), Boyce, Carey, and the many other masters of the old solid school of harmony. It is not our desire to insinuate that there are not several of those before us equally applicable to the purposes of church psalmody; but we should rather consider them as additions than improvements: as such, we may recommend them to the notice of country clergymen and organists in general; and, as the harmony is written under each score, the pianiste of any family may preside and direct the little vocal circle of worshippers assembled for prayer and praise.

The second part, consisting of miscellaneous hymns, &c., approximating nearer to a secular style, are therefore considered by Mr. Pettet as better adapted for performance in the chamber than the church. We think so too: but if *well* performed, they may be heard any where with pleasure, either for their poetry or music. As we cannot quote music in our letter-press, we may, perhaps, by extracting a verse or two of the poetry, give our readers an idea of the style of these sacred and *descriptive* melodies.

That by Mrs. Opie, entitled 'Resignation,' is composed by J. B. Cramer, with a feeling consonant to the sweet bard's:

'My path, O Lord, is clouded o'er;
Lone, dreary, dark, appears my lot;
But while to me life smiles no more,
Although I mourn, I murmur not.
'For oh! this broken contrite heart,
Must in thy wrath thy justice own;
And though my tears in anguish start,
They flow from conscious sin alone.'

One by Miss Bowles, composed by H. R. Bishop:

'I weep, but not rebellious tears;
I mourn, but not in hopeless woe;
I droop, but not with doubtful fears;
For whom I've trusted, Him I know.
Lord! I believe; assuage my grief,
And help, O help, my unbelief!'

Another by J. Montgomery, with Horsley's beautiful music:

'Go to dark Gethsemane,
You that feel affliction's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one little hour;
Turn not from his griefs away—
Learn of him to watch and pray.'

We shall hail the time when five amateurs may easily be found equal to do justice to the motet, 'Weep not for Me,' which Dr. Crotch has so elaborately wrought upon an antique subject, allusive, that he makes it as entirely his own as any of his predecessors who had the discernment to see how fertile a ground it was for a genius to cultivate.

Texts of Scripture arranged as 'sacred rounds,' although very good music, appear to us, as subjects too grave for such light exercises. The first by Shield, to the verse 'How beautiful upon the mountains,' is what we should call 'a sacred catch.'

Anthems and collects for one, two, three, and four voices, conclude the variety of this interesting volume: which we will venture to say will give any competent judge of music no mean idea of the native talent extant, and ready to furnish a library of volumes equal in merit, and as legitimate in their claims to *beneficial* patronage, as this which Mr. Alfred Pettet has, with so much care, and at so great an expense of time and money, ventured to lay before the public. This gentleman has inserted some compositions of his own, which are not the worst in the volume, and has had the modesty to keep his name as a writer from the names in the title page, which he puts forth very properly for the purpose of an index to the merit of its contents. We mention this, for we know nothing of Mr. Pettet, to show him that such delicacy is not likely to pass unnoticed.

A perusal of the above volume has suggested the following idea, which we offer for the consideration of those whom it may concern.

Whilst 'Forget me Not,' 'Souvenirs,' 'Albums,' and 'Keepsakes,' are in vogue; why has not some clever musician obtained, from the best poets, specimens of their lyrics; and employed the best composers to embellish them with music suitable to the themes? The only engraving should be that of the music and its words: we are confident that a speculation of this nature would answer the publisher's purpose, which is a little reputation and great profit, as well as the poet's and musician's, which is more generally a little of money and much of fame. The competition would cause a praiseworthy emulation to excel, and thereby the interests of the public, in the gratification of seeing and hearing the music of our native artists improved and improving *annually*, would be served.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Philharmonic Society, Monday.

The second trial of new compositions (all instrumental) took place this evening, when the following pieces were tried in the order subjoined:

No. 1, a manuscript Overture in E flat, by Webbe, who conducted it himself, with the leading of Mori. A clever *largo sostenuto*, (but rather in too cathedral a style for an Overture,) preceded an *allegro moderato*, which, however grammatical in writing and exhibiting excellent counterpoint, was thought too heavy, and too much resembling the old school, to be quite acceptable; we fear it will not be performed at the Concerts.

No. 2, was a Grand Sinfonia, in A, conducted by Neate, and composed by Schneider, a writer of some eminence in Germany. This was warmly recommended to the Society by Ries and Moschelles; but the Directors and Orchestra universally thought the encomiums with which it was offered rather undeserved, and that 'it will not do.' It was of unconscionable length, and the fatigue and time bestowed upon it were by no means repaid. The last movement exhibited a very commonplace sort of melody reminding the auditors of the French bagatelle, 'C'est l'amour.' Mr. Weischell, to the great satisfaction of all—

sembled (with, we believe, but one exception) resumed his situation as leader; and although we have had an opportunity of witnessing almost every musical performance of consequence for the last forty years, we can with truth affirm, that, upon no former occasion, did we ever see an assemblage of musical professors welcome one of their returned brethren with such enthusiastic and deserved plaudits. The walls rung with the reiterated and lengthened congratulations most sincerely offered to a man who is really an ornament to his profession: not but if Spagnoletti were (unfortunately) to absent himself for ten years, he would not also be received with similar acclamations upon his return.

No. 3, was an unusually clever Overture in E flat, composed by J. Goss, a very talented and highly respected young man, son of the counter-tenor gleesinger of former days, and now organist of Chelsea Church. This was not his first production of the sort, and we trust the Directors will see no reason why it should not be publicly performed. He evinced his tact in giving Lindley a solo, which would make almost any composition pass the ordeal, but his Overture would have succeeded without such irresistible aid; he presided himself, and Weichsell again led for him.

No. 4, was a manuscript overture by Gomis, (a Spaniard,) who conducted it himself; and although his piece possessed considerable merit as to modulation and fancy, yet it was too wild and eccentric to be considered orthodox, and we fear infinite labour was bestowed upon it by the Orchestra in vain: Beethoven, for the purpose of novelty, has had, perhaps, too much recourse to whimsicality, but he was tolerated in his irregularities from his former greatness.

No. 5, offered an illustration of the preceding remark, in the performance of Beethoven's Overture to 'Leonora,' conducted by Neate, and led by Spagnoletti. This piece has, we believe, never been publicly performed, although tried some years since; considerable delay and trouble took place in consequence of the author having written a sort of trumpet call, which interrupts the Overture, and which he intended to be played upon the stage, independently of two other orchestral trumpet parts. No extra trumpeter being engaged, Harper obligingly undertook to play it, (besides his own part,) but chose to perform it *ad libitum*, whereas the leader chose to have it played in time; the passage was therefore repeatedly drilled, much to the annoyance of the orchestra and audience; a little previous explanation might have prevented this; these are common occurrences, and should be 'reformed altogether.'

After this the Overture by Goss was repeated, and thus ended the second trial night. The seven Directors for the present season, are Messrs. Spagnoletti, Latour, Dizi, Neate, Kramer, (leader of his Majesty's band,) Dance, and Bishop.

English Opera-House—Monday.

'Les Précieuses Ridicules,' which the French actors performed here this evening, and which Shadwell has imitated with considerable success in his comedy of 'Bury Fair,' was the first attack of Molière on the foibles and eccentricities of his own times.

The title was taken from one of the rules of the Society at the Hotel Rambouillet: 'As the females (says Walter Scott in his article on Molière, published in the last number of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review') were frozen towards their insipid gallants, they made amends by lavishing the extremity of tender friendship upon each other. *Ma chère, ma précieuse*, were their usual terms of endearment; and from thence the title of "Les Précieuses Ridicules." In this celebrated piece, Molière introduced two females, (daughter and niece of a worthy bourgeois called Gorgibus,) who, having become infected with the false wit and gallantry of the *ruelles*, and having substituted, according to a fashion practised by the *élégantes* of the day, the sonorous names of Aminte et Polixène, for their baptismal ones of Cathos and Madelon, with all the sentimental jargon which belonged to their new appellatives, have set themselves up as *précieuses* of the first class. They have, of course, a suitable contempt for honest Gorgibus, whose distress, perplexity and resentment are extreme, and all occasioned by the perverse elegance of his womankind, who, in their attempts to emulate the follies and conceits of the incomparable Arthenice, (a romantic epithet by which Madame de Rambouillet was distinguished, even in her funeral sermon,) talk in a style which he cannot comprehend, and act in a manner that leads him to doubt their sanity of mind.

* This piece, as well as that of Mr. Schneider, would be particularly serviceable to any person compiling music for a comic pantomime.

The proposals of two gentlemen, approved by Gorgibus, who thought them fit matches for his damsels, have been rejected with such extremity of scorn by the two *précieuses*, that the rejected suitors determine to revenge themselves; which they do by causing their two valets, impudent conceited coxcombs, of course, to be introduced to Aminte and Polixène, as men of fashion and quality. The *précieuses* mistake the extravagant and absurd foppery, the second-hand airs of finery, and the vulgar impudence of the Marquis de Mascarille and the Vicomte de Jodelet, for the extremity of wit and gallantry; while the discovery, and the shame and confusion with which the unfortunate sentimentalists are overwhelmed, form the diverting conclusion of this amusing drama.

But although this composition cannot now produce its original effect, yet it still affords considerable amusement. In this piece, Molière did not reach that degree of eminence which he afterwards attained; but he already displayed a deep knowledge of the human heart, and sketched from nature 'the living follies of his own age.'

'Les Précieuses Ridicules' was rather indifferently performed by the French Company. Perlet and Gamar received some applause in the characters of Mascarille and Jodelet; but Madame Daudel, whom we beheld with so much pleasure in Dorine, in the 'Tartuffe,' appeared to us insipid and uninteresting, and nearly on a level with Mademoiselle Sidalie, in the character of the *Précieuse*. Perlet and Daudel played extremely well in the 'Tartuffe,' which was the first performance of the evening; Mademoiselle Boquet has improved a little in the difficult part of Elmire, though we must repeat that her talents are not such as can do justice to that character.

ENGRAVINGS.

Picturesque Views of the English Cities, from Drawings by G. F. Robson. Edited by J. Britton, F.S.A., &c. 4to. No. IV. Longman and Co. London, 1828.

THE Fourth and concluding Number of this interesting Series of Engravings has just issued from the press. We have before spoken in terms of deserved commendation of this work, and we can safely say, that the last Number is equal in merit to either of its predecessors. The subjects of this concluding Number are—1. Engraved Title-page by Woolnoth, embracing views of six Cathedrals, and the Armorial Bearings of 24, very tastefully designed and beautifully executed; 2. View of Westminster from the East; 3. London, from Waterloo Bridge; 4. Exeter, from the N. W.; 5. Durham, from the N. W.; 6. Durham, from the N. E.; and 7. London from London Bridge. The first two of these Views are very striking, the first especially; but the most interesting of the whole is probably Number 6, which unites great beauty of scenery with most effective execution, from the graver of Le Keux.

LETTERS OF CRITO.—No. VI.

VALERIUS, A ROMAN STORY, CONTINUED.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Bays. Alack, sir, you know nothing. You must ever interlard your plays with songs, ghosts, and dances.

SIR,—As we advance into Valerius, we shall find still more amplifications of that poverty of genius, which knows not how to manage the incidents it huddles together, and which we have therefore been compelled to ascribe to the Editor of the Quarterly Review. Eavesdropping, as we have observed, is his usual instrument; and so fond is he of it, that it is used even without necessity. In the opening of the second volume, is a conversation of no sort of consequence, between Valerius and his slave Boto, listened to and overheard behind a door by the slave Dromo; and the reader, wondering why the conversation is held, wonders still more why it is overheard. These useless conversations, and equally useless descriptions of the streets and buildings at Rome, exhaust perhaps half the work, without conducing to any one object of the story. In a walk to a painter's, where Sextus is to sit for his picture, (nobody knows why,) full thirty pages are taken up with the descriptions of the Esquiline and the Palatine, and the Capitoline, *et omne quod exiit in ÆNE*; and thus a very great proportion of a novel, little interesting in itself, is turned into a mere Roman Guide. A visit, however, to the Temple of Apollo, produces poetry, or at least a hymn in verse, sung by Athanasia. The latter is nice to the priestess, who invites them all to come into her privacy—a strange sort of a phrase. Yet even this cannot be heard except through eaves-dropping, for it is

listened to at the door for no purpose that we can discover, when it might be quite as well heard in the room to which they were invited. If the author wrote this hymn, (which I suppose he did,) much cannot be said for his numbers; and in the construction of it, we see the same want of mental precision as a poet, which belonged to him in his prose capacity as a critic; for the hymn, though expressly in honour of the God of Day, is, for by very far the most part, taken up with the praises of night. But of his rhyme and general versification, take the following specimen:

'The moon is thin, and round her orb
A thousand sweet stars minis-ter;
Whose twinkling rays dark wells absorb,
And all the wide seas drink them far and near.'

Mr. Lockhart is extremely fond of wells in his metaphors, as we shall see; but why he singles them out to help to absorb the twinkling of the stars, when the wide seas are in the very next line, we are at a loss to know. How, indeed, the stars were to get into these dark wells, it is difficult to imagine; but, perhaps, we are over nice; at least, we are sure we need not tell Mr. Lockhart, that in a hymn or ode, too many pains cannot be bestowed on the clearness of the sense, and the polish of the numbers. The epithet 'sweet,' as applied to the stars, is at best unintelligible; and the line, 'A thousand sweet stars minister,' unequivocally inharmonious. But 'minister' and 'far and near,' are outrageous as rhymes, and can by no means satisfy even a very obtuse ear. Again:

'And gaily for the fragile bark,
Through the green waves its path is shorn.'

'To shear,' may apply to a ship: and being on the waves, we thought at first this strange phrase of *shearing a path*, might be borrowed from nautical language. But as this would be inaccurate, we gave Mr. Lockhart credit for some other meaning for it, never dreaming that a path in the sea could be shorn like a turf walk on dry land. And yet this, after all, is his meaning, or it is nothing. Again:

'Hail to the healing balm of day,
That rouses every living thing,
The forest gulphs confess thy sway,
And upon freshening branches glad birds sing.'

With deference for Mr. Lockhart as a Poet, we mean no offence when we ask, what is the meaning of forest gulphs?—or think that the last halting cumbersome line,

'And upon freshening branches glad birds sing.'

as a specimen of versification, is beneath criticism.

The party proceed to the Palatine library, where, instead of characters, or events incident to the story, we have a long talk of books, and busts, and Homer, Pindar, Aristotle, and Aristophanes; for what purpose, except to show that the author knew there were such persons, we cannot tell. There is, then, a metaphysical conversation about the principle of love, and the principle of discord; Heraclitus, and Empedocles; sensual Cupid, and the heavenly Eros; and nobody knows why this conversation is given, nor why Rubellia, a lady, should listen to it. Let the reader, if he reads, ask himself whether he understands it, and, if he does, what it has to do with the history of Valerius?

At last they get to the painters, and another dialogue arises, full of private scandal, concerning a senator we never heard of before, and never hear of again: in the midst of which the senator comes in, with his wife and daughter, who seem to be introduced, only to show that the author knew there were such things in Rome as Sicambrian perukes; for one was worn by the senator's wife. All this is assuredly very edifying, and intimately connected with the action of the story!

Among the painter's sketches, however, Valerius discovers the head of Thraso, and we begin to think something will come of it. But nothing does come of it, except a little bad English; for the painter only says, it will be very fine when he has *lain* on a little more colour. A midnight study of the gospel, by Valerius, is now interrupted by the slave Dromo, who asks him to follow him, without telling him where or why; only that it is to serve Sextus. Valerius consents, and talks a little more bad grammar. For though Dromo walked fast, I easily, says he, kept close to him, for he was older and heavier than me. Valerius and Dromo arrive in the dead of the night, at an immense and dreary burying-ground; and here Valerius grows impatient for an explanation of the object of his expedition. Without receiving it, however, he falls into a good easy conversation with Dromo, on the treatment of slaves by Roman masters, in which the reader is made to learn a great number of particulars, relative to the burials of the poorer Romans; but as

this was not what we came out of the city for, and had nothing to do with the expedition, we again wonder at the want of discipline of Mr. Lockhart's genius, and why the interest, feeble as it is, should be stopped, and the story turned into a mere book of antiquities.

But now follows an incantation by a witch, who is endeavouring to manufacture a philtre, by which Rubellia is to obtain the love of Sextus. Now, time out of mind, an incantation by a witch has always been the occasion which poets have most eagerly seized, in order to give the freest scope to their celestial fire. If, therefore, we could vote to Mr. Lockhart the poetical imagination to which he aspires, it is here surely, that we are to look for his claims. We remember the ingredients of Shakspeare's cauldron, but what are Mr. Lockhart's? The blood of a lamb newly killed, and hemlock, mixed with the crumbling bone of an old woman, or old ewe, (we don't know which,) together with that of a lusty wench, all stirred with a stem of fern. But it is due to the author, to set this forth in his own language, for it is such as will not be easily found in poetry.

'Bleeds not here, in place forlorn,
The spotless yearling newly shorn?
Lies not here, within the trench,
Moistened with the yearling's gore,
Brittle bone, of hoary crone,
With the strong bone of lusty wench,
Crumbling, crumbling, evermore?

Crone is, as we have hinted, either an old ewe, or an old woman. Here we don't know which is meant; and, to say truth, to know is little necessary. But 'the strong bone of lusty wench,' was at least intended to be emphatic; and the 'crumbling, crumbling, evermore,' no doubt to inspire horror. The previous line, 'Lies not here, within the trench,' reminds us of Thomson's rapid syllables 'Ah! see where robbed and murdered in that pit.'

And now the moon is invoked to bless the charm, and in truth, (invoked in such a strain,) we are not surprised at her refusing to listen, and that she hides her head. The charm failing, a quarrel ensues between the witch and her son, in which she curses the moon with a zeal almost equal to that of Ernulfus, and two lean dogs coming up to lap the blood of the slain lamb, she sets them on her son, encouraging them to 'tear him life and limb.'

Such, Sir, is I think the principal incident in the book, on which Mr. Lockhart can rest his claim to be ranked among the poets of romance; I will only add, that whether this scene is reckoned, a sublime, or only a disgusting, horror, it is entirely gratuitous and insulated, promotes no one end of the work, conducts to nothing, even intermediate, and its failure is thus the more unaccountable, because incurred in an attempt which, had it been actually successful, would have been needless.

The witch being put to flight, Valerius learns at last from Dromo, that they come there, to watch for Rubellia, whose practices with the sorceress the latter had discovered. Valerius is desired to look out, which he promises to do, but, (disgraceful enough for a hero,) falls asleep on the steps of the tomb of the Sempronii. From this he is roused by voices singing within. He, of course, again listens, and exactly as he did before at the prison doors of Thraso, distinguishes one voice by its sweetness, and this, of course too, is again Athanasia's. We cannot say this repetition of precisely the same incident, to discover the same person, varies our notions of Mr. Lockhart's darling fusing power. Be this as it will, while Valerius is at this old employment of listening, a Roman knight, with a sword drawn, descends from the top of the tower or tomb, takes him prisoner, drives him before him up the steps, and then down corresponding steps in the inside; and this the author calls a 'silent guidance.' Within the tomb, some twelve or fourteen Christians are at their secret devotions, though, considering the pains they had taken, and frightful place they had chosen, to avoid discovery, they do not seem to have done wisely to court it by singing. Valerius is accused as a spy, by Cotilius the knight, who captured him, and who would willingly have put him to death; but he is saved by Athanasia, to whom he presents the copy of the Gospel, sent her by Thraso. At this time they are all taken prisoners by Prætorian guards, who had been brought there by the witch Pona. And here Athanasia, who had only seen or spoken to him twice before, calls Valerius her dear Caius, leans all her weight upon his breast, and allows him again to kiss her hand. They are separated, and carried to different prisons, ignorant of each others fate, and, of course, in great agony on that account. But the agony is not so great as to prevent Mr. Lockhart from telling us of hoary onks, narrow

paths, and :ools of water; waving gulphs of bay and alex, and solitary pines. He talks also of thunder shouting overhead, which is surely the most extraordinary thunder that ever was heard. At length Valerius arrives at his prison, where, in the midst of his grief, he is much amused, and laughs heartily with the soldiers at the quizzicalness of the gaoler, and, after a stay of forty-eight hours, being released by Sabinus, he accompanies him to his paternal village. Here, in a barber's shop, we expect adventure and gossip; but except a talk, shewing the prejudices about the Christians, there is no gossip, and save that Dromo has his chin out, there is no adventure. There is, however, a piece of mismanagement, which, in so accomplished an author, is incredible. The company at the barber's (who is also an inn-keeper,) is mixed; and a sort of mysterious stranger, who was baiting his horses, joins a conversation about the Christians, with curiosity; and Sabinus, who, we may remember, was a Colonel of the Imperial Guard, and always about the Court, comes in and joins too, and the mysterious stranger is Trajan; and Trajan does not know Sabinus, nor Sabinus Trajan; and, notwithstanding a clumsy attempt to explain it, there is no reason why Trajan should be there. If the reader thinks that this shows poverty of invention, he may console himself with the following beautiful conceit:—for the friends meet a troop of maidens singing to Venus. They wade through the stream, 'whose pebbles,' says Mr. Lockhart, 'dared not offer any violence to the delicate feet that tread upon them.' Valerius then accompanies Sabinus home to his father's, and though still in agony about Athanasia, joins at perfect ease with an Egyptian slave, who is also a philosopher, in a discourse upon disjointed essences, and atoms wandering about a void.

Impatient for news of Athanasia, whose execution, for aught we or Valerius know, may be already ordered, we are glad to accompany him and Sabinus to Rome, but are stopped beyond the Anio, to see the sun sink behind the Janiculus, and hear the innumerable sounds of the great capitol, which were blended together as it were in one 'mighty whisper.' We own the mightiness of a whisper startled us, till we thought of the watchful dove and magnanimous mouse of Falstaff.

The third volume of this Roman story, opens with another scene of eaves-dropping. The listeners are now Valerius and Sabinus; the parties overheard, Rubellia and Xenophrates. Valerius is still all agony to know what has become of his Athanasia; but, as usual, finds time to be very attentive to the loves of another, which this scene exhibits. But he is impertinent enough to look as well as to listen, being only separated from the lovers by a luxuriant hedge of myrtle. To be sure it is a night scene; and the hedge being luxuriant, and of myrtle, is, of course, very near; but then the moon shines charmingly, and the two gentlemen, if gentlemen they can be called, find (to use the author's own words) 'a convenient peeping place. This, and the moon, so balance the disadvantages of time and place, that the countenance of Xenophrates is perfectly disclosed; and Rubellia is distinctly seen blushing in the moonlight.

Sabinus is uneasy at this discovery, so that, after the sage and his lady are gone, Valerius, though his agonies about Athanasia are at their height, engages in a loud laughing conversation with him, and for ten whole pages, rallies him, with a most free spirit, upon his jealousy of the philosopher.

The next chapter opens again with the moon, only now in conjunction with pillars and porticos; and though we still pant to know the fate of Athanasia, we are detained, we don't know how long, by meeting a procession of the priests of Cybele; and Sabinus, who is the confidant of Valerius's love, instead of talking of Athanasia and her fate, entertains him with an account of the washing of lions. The whole procession is described at great length, and a terrible chaunt sets forth the madness of Atys taken from Catullus. It is not perhaps quite fair in a professed prose work, to criticise poetry occasionally introduced; but we did not exactly expect, from so experienced a critic as Mr. Lockhart, even in a transitory ebullition, that he should be one of the common-place verse makers laughed at by Pope, who still

'Ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes.
Where e'er we find the cooling western breeze,
In the next line it whispers through the trees.'

Thus sings Mr. Lockhart,

'The heavy breeze
Is in the trees,
The fierce waves leap
Upon the steep.'

Why, Touchstone would 'rhyme you so, eight years

together,' dinners and sleeping hours excepted. It is the right butter-woman's rate to market; the very false gallop of verses. They remind us indeed of a country ballad, in which this novel image is admirably presented:

'And the breezes
Through the trees
Whispered soft as—any thing.'

In this hymn of the priests, however, we find a wonder of another sort; no less than a *reverend wilderness* with an ancient beard:

'Plunge, Atys, plunge into the reverend gloom,
Of the most ancient bearded wilderness.'

Still forgetting Athanasia, Mr. Lockhart makes up for his total want of pathos, by a very learned account of the dances of these Cybelian priests, in which all passengers in the streets are forced to join; among them are a gouty senator, with a red nose; Sabilius with a common market girl; Xenophrates with Rubellia; and many other incidents of the like humorous nature, equally opposite to the story, and equally demonstrative of the fusing power.

Valerius, however, in the crowd meets with the Christian priest, who had been arrested with him in the tomb of the Sempronii. We here at length learn that there is really a story going on, and are told that Athanasia is in the prison of the Mamertine, and that her fate depends upon the result of a council to be held that night, on the case of Cotilius. This person, who, it may be remembered, had been arrested in the tomb, had, it seems, only turned Christian in order to form a conspiracy against Trajan. But the eternal priests of Cybele still continue their roar; and you will hardly believe that the *whispering breeze* is still at work among the trees, such is the poverty of images in this prince of imagination. Thus the priests sing;

'Mother 'tis not the whisper of the breeze,
To the grey brotherhood trees.'

The whole concludes with a little more bad grammar by Valerius, who says Athanasia is purer than *me*.

The Christian and Valerius separate; and the latter, under favour of the jailor, who is a Christian too, is to visit Athanasia the next day. We may suppose him full of anxiety, and we ourselves long for the event, when he entertains us with a description in detail, of the Parthian embassy, and a talk of cloth of gold, and snow white horses. It was greatly beneath him, to be so vulgarly natural as to suppose them only milk white.

At length he visits Athanasia, who is, in truth, well described. We are interested for her distress, her piety, and her firmness; and above all, for the uncertainty that hangs about her fate. Her beauty, also, is not the least point of her interest; though the Author (who seems to have a most extraordinary memory in regard to his ladies) now talks of the 'clear, dark crystal' of an eye, which, when we were first introduced to her, was described as of a 'clear soft grey.'

The whole scene between the good old priest, Athanasia, and the half-won Christian, Valerius, is affecting; but in the midst of it, the *cacothetic* of description attacks Mr. Lockhart, who sends us to a window to look at a prospect. Here we are forced to contemplate the temples, and high porticos of the forum; the gleaming battlements, and arcades of the Palatine; baths, theatres, circuses, yellow Tiber, blue ridges of silent hills, clear sky of Italy, and beaming arches of splendour. Does not this, and much that has gone before, remind us of Bassus's complaint of Seneca? who, when he attempts most to move the passions of grief, or horror, makes his character commence, 'par quelque belle et élégante description de lieu, qui ne servira qu'à faire paraître l'abondance et l'esprit pointilleux et fleuri d'un Poète sans jugement.' Thus, when Creon commiserates to (Edipus the horrors denounced by fate against him, and while the unhappy Prince is ready to die with fearful expectation, he begins with a description of a wood, well filled with cypresses, oaks, laurels, and myrtles. The judicious Critic here observes, and truly, 'Des gens qui disent ces fadeuses, ou qui les écoutent avec tant de patience, sont si peu disposés à pleurer, qu'ils peuvent avoir besoin, comme les pleureuses à gages, qu'on les avertisse quand il en sera tems.'

One who so little understands how to paint natural grief, cannot be expected to know much of natural delicacy. Accordingly Athanasia, though the hero has hitherto mentioned not a word of his love, suffers herself to be quietly locked up with him, alone, and again calls him her 'dear Valerius.' No wonder that upon this he spoke, and that she falls upon his bosom, and weeps. We are, however, moved with sympathy, when we are told that the next day is to decide whether this female victim is not to be consigned to the fate of

Thraso, and the heart would be deeply touched, but that, from the pressure of these sensations, Mr. Lockhart himself does his best to relieve us. For he makes Valerius, immediately on leaving Athanasia, forget his agitations in a carouse with Sabinus and his brother officers over a roasted boar, at the corps de garde, and their loose conversation soon dissipates whatever interest had been left in our minds. Cotilius being doomed to execution, suddenly Sabinus and his cohort are ordered out to attend it in the courts of the Mammertine.

Valerius, though full of wine and roasted boar, flies breathless to inquire the fate of Athanasia, but still has time to talk about red tints in the western sky, growing fainter and fainter.

He gets to the prison, and finds that Athanasia is commanded to attend Trajan to be examined, and receive sentence. The gaoler in an agony gives him the key of her apartment, while they are preparing for the execution of Cotilius in the court below. Valerius finds her asleep, and what is extraordinary, though there was a fierce and unnatural gleam passing and re-passing over her features, and though the gleam had an ominous and troubled hue, it had no power to mar the image of her sleeping tranquillity. Nay, at this very moment of fierceness and unnatural gleams, a smile, a sweet composed smile, sat on her virgin lips.

Before we go on, we will be obliged to Mr. Lockhart to explain how a lady, in her own person, when she is asleep, can be the image of her own sleeping tranquillity?

However this may be, Valerius is prevented from awakening Athanasia by the execution of Cotilius, which he witnesses from the window. The trumpet gives the fatal signal, and the surrounding arches echo to the sound.

What is remarkable, the trumpet does not disturb the sleep of Athanasia, but the fall of the headless body of Cotilius does. And what is still more remarkable, this fall is called a 'clap.' 'The clap,' says the author, 'with which the body of Cotilius fell upon the smooth stones of the court, had perhaps reached her sleeping ear.' For heaven's sake, where did Mr. Lockhart learn, that the falling down of a body, when its head was cut off, was a clap?

The clap, however, does not absolutely wake Athanasia, but only makes her talk in her sleep; and we give what she says as a specimen of Mr. Lockhart's powers in the pathetic. 'Spare me—spare me, Trajan—Casar—prince—have pity on my youth. Strengthen, strengthen me, good Lord—Valerius, we must not lie—Fie, he, we must not lie to save life. Thraso—Thraso—I see him—I see him—it is but a blow—Ha! a beast! a tiger! Spare! spare! Trajan—sharp white teeth! how his eyes glare! Thraso! Felix! Valerius—come close to me, Valerius—kiss me—kiss me once more, Valerius—my lips so cold—so very cold?—Shall I go on?—No!'

Miserable for the earliest news of Athanasia, after she is gone, Valerius accepts the proposal of Silo the gaoler to walk up to the Palatine, to ascertain her fate. But miserable as he is, as Silo had been the freedman of Domitian, and attached to his memory, he thinks this a delightful opportunity to inquire something about the history of Domitian, and to tell us how his palace was built.

Accordingly, when they arrive at a wing of the building which Domitian had inhabited, we are charmingly entertained with an account of the chambers and furniture. For Silo conceives, that he can introduce Valerius into the palace unseen, and from his knowledge of the abandoned interior, place him where he may overhear every thing in safety. We own we hoped we had done with caves-dropping, but the approaching scene is the most marked of any.

They enter into a large empty hall, conveniently lit up, by that always convenient moon, which now streams down from a cupola aloft. They pass into a long range of chambers, which this moon enables them to see, and which, Valerius, with all his grief, has leisure enough to observe, have hangings of cloth of gold, and, at the same time, a long trailing of spiders' webs. There are, also, carpets on the floor, and a table covered with vessels of silver and porcelain; and he can observe, still by this admirable moon, how much they were tarnished, and, (again in a little bad English,) tells us he sees the dust lying thick upon them. How he could tell they were tarnished, when covered with dust, we don't know; but notwithstanding his agony, he observes all these things, and listens patiently enough to Silo's account of the Phrengite stone, with which the room is built, so as to occasion a great light. Silo is very particular about this, and Valerius, though still in misery about Athanasia, stops to inquire the history of Domitian's assassination. But Silo himself tells him he has seen and heard enough, and we think so too,

The gaoler then touches a spring, and a secret door opens, and Silo (fearing, we suppose, some further gossip) tells him he must not venture a whisper more. Silo then touches another spring, and then another secret door opens, and then they are in the dark, but perceive several holes, through which there is light, and Valerius sees and hears the Emperor, and his Minister Palma, discussing the fate of the Christian prisoners.

Trajan desires Palma himself to talk with Athanasia, and if he cannot persuade her to recant, he declares he would rather be a slave, than not suppress this combustion. He will not suffer the tiniest speck to be thrown upon the Roman Majesty. *Tiniest, or tiny*, is never used but in burlesque; and this is only another instance of the strange English of our author. Palma goes into another room, so that we fear we have lost him. But we are relieved; for Silo leads Valerius to another part of the closet, where he can see and hear what is passing in the other chamber, just as well as he did in the first. In this chamber, are Athanasia, and Aurelius the Christian priest, and her appearance, in such a moment of tribulation, does not prevent Valerius from again observing how the apartment is furnished. Palma dismisses the priest as incorrigible, but argues with Athanasia on the misery she is bringing on her family. Her relations now come in, among them Sempronius, whose hair, which was bright not brown in the beginning of the book, is now raven black.

The attempt on Athanasia fails, her family retire in despair; and, at this moment, Silo, from his knowledge of the recesses of the palace, conceives the possibility of her liberation. And here, for the sake of Mr. Lockhart's fusing power, we had hoped for something new. But no! Silo touches a third spring, and opens a third secret door, and Valerius taking Athanasia in his arms, they all thread the mazes of Domitian's wing in flight. They are pursued with shouts of alarm; their way is intercepted; they elude; are in despair; yet escape to the temple of Apollo; and in this breathless moment, Valerius talks of broad shadows, and of the soft and beautiful radiance of a tree of lamps which illuminate the shrine of the god of day.

They fly to the catacombs; the moon is again so kind as to light them through the almost impenetrable darkness of tangled trees, and at last shows them a grotto, where there is a fountain. This faithful moon here continues her assistance, and Valerius his lynx-eyed observations. For though in a grotto, and at night, and just escaped from death, and absorbed by his mistress, he has light and leisure enough to see, that water-lilies and other flowers had covered the fountain; that its sides were of marble, but dim with moss; that a statue was overgrown by long grass; and that the statue was of Parian stone, which had lost its brightness.

Escaped from an executioner, they bethink themselves of talking of antiquities, and Aurelius tells Valerius, that there was formerly an inscription on this statue, which is almost effaced, but he can repeat the lines; and what is best of all, Aurelius then quotes Mr. Pope:

'Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep,
Ah! spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave,
Or drink in silence, or in silence leave.'

What wonder, if advantage is taken of such a fountain, and that Valerius is baptized. Athanasia sheds tears, and though the water is represented as dark, and the place itself a cavern, Valerius sees one of these tears drop into it and occasion a ripple.

Leaving his companions in the cavern, the hero goes now to the city, and, no doubt, to his own, certainly to the reader's, surprise, is reminded of the law-suit which brought him to Rome, and has just been won.

Uninfluenced by this, he confesses to Licinius that he had just become a Christian, and wishes to marry Athanasia, and will take her to Britain. Sabinus being a little past his prime, is also thinking of marrying, and as he cannot marry without money, he is to take Rubellia; and thus the most honest, good-natured, amiable fellow in the book, is, by way of reward, consigned to a bad, bloody, and wanton woman, whom it is impossible for him to esteem. This is surely very badly fused.

I am really tired of inconsistencies, forgets, and mistakes, and absolutely feel for Mr. Lockhart, while so often forced to correct him. But the judge of others must submit to be judged himself. Sabinus, resolving to accompany Valerius back to the catacombs, gives him his helmet, cloak, and sword, and the pass-word, in order that he may make his way through the gates. Immediately afterwards, a billet being delivered to him, which he does not like, he seizes hastily his sword, and clasping his helmet on his head, says they

must be instantly gone. The plan of disguising Valerius as a praetorian, is therefore given up. But nothing is too difficult for imagination, for though Sabinus has resumed his arms; Valerius, as will be seen, has still got them on. They proceed in haste; and Sabinus appears so distracted, that Valerius is afraid of asking him a question. But this does not prevent him from describing blazes of light; an Etrurian mountebank; friars of fish; an old soldier; an elephant; an auction, and a hawked about account of various *luna natura*. It is at the gate that Valerius is still found wearing the armour of Sabinus, which had been taken from him for a soldier. The soldier detects his centurion's helmet on his head, and challenges him as an impostor. A fight ensues, and the soldier is killed. Pona also, the witch, who, it seems, had, with Rubellia, traced Athanasia to the cavern, strikes at Valerius with a poniard behind; but the armour of Sabinus, which was thus upon both backs at once, 'was true.' Valerius seizes Pona, and forces her to lead him to his friends. And here we find something strange indeed; for here is another soldier wounded to death by Athanasia, with the sword of Thraso, who had been buried here. It seems the lady had fought like a lioness, and killed her man. This is not too amiable in a gentle lady, and the less so because there is absolutely no necessity for it. Indeed it would puzzle ingenuity itself to discover why Mr. Lockhart fancied this cavern scene at all; much more, why he should turn on sudden his resigned heroine into a virago. But all Sir Walter Scott's heroines are viragoes, which perhaps explains it. The soldier, however, had not fallen, before he had mortally wounded Aurelius, who also dies; for what reason, (after having been allowed to escape martyrdom, which would have been honour,) equally puzzles us. He dies, however, and the author, talks of the 'body hanging loose from the parting soul,' for no other reason, that we can guess, but that the natural phrase is, that the parting soul hangs loose from the body. We still more lament, that his taste has been such, as to allow the sincere and pious Aurelius, in his last moments, to fail for a time, (though he afterwards recovers himself,) into a doubt of that faith, for which he was always ready to die. He is indeed wandering, but even the wandering of a person we are to respect, ought to be made respectable. The taste of the author has made it a twaddle.

The young people having talked of their faith, 'Faith!' says the Priest of Christianity; 'what is faith? I beseech you to tell me, what is faith? Dark! dark. Oh! children, every thing is dark. To-day we crawl: to-morrow we die. Tell me, do you see any light? Poh! Poh! 'tis but the moon.'

Sabinus now appears with two horses, and Valerius taking up Athanasia, and, still in the centurion's armour, though the centurion has himself got it on, deceives the guard by it, and escapes to the Valerian villa, now his property. This Valerius had promised to Sextus, till the storm about the Christians should pass over, and Sextus is already there, celebrating his nuptials. Meantime, though a price had been put upon Athanasia's head, and they are flying for life and death, and the villa is full of all sorts of company, and the Flamen of Jupiter is there, whose interest it would essentially be to seize Athanasia, such is the knowledge of keeping in our great Critic, that he makes her resolve to go to the wedding. Of course, she escapes discovery; leaves Italy in safety; and so ends this Roman story.

And now, Sir, who shall say that this is not an imaginative work? who, that it possesses one particle of judgment, truth, or nature? We idolize real genius; but, in this deformed medley, Mr. Lockhart has lamentably convinced us, that imagination and genius are not the same. It is not that we complain of a deviation from rules. Shakspeare broke all rules; and the logic of Mr. Lockhart, which you, Sir, have so well exposed, may, therefore, make him think that he is like Shakspeare. It is certain that wildness may please; but want of keeping is not that sort of wildness, whatever Mr. Lockhart may think. The worst of it is, that here, though all is out of keeping, all is in trammels. The real interest of the story comprises some thirty or forty pages out of three volumes. All the rest is either cumbersome and misplaced description, confused statement, inapplicable dialogue, or school-boy verse. The perpetual interruptions of the interest, for things of no consequence in themselves, and wholly unconnected with the story, demonstrate the character of a little genius:

'Exprimite, et molles imitabitur ungues aure capillos,
Infelix operæ summa, quia ponere totum
Nesciet.'

How can such an author judge of the works of others?
CRITO,

TO AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

It having been discovered that applications are sometimes made by individuals to Authors and Publishers for Books to be Reviewed in THE ATHENÆUM, and this practice not being authorized or sanctioned by the Editor, it is particularly requested that all Works intended for Review in these pages be sent directly to the Editor himself, at the Office of Publication, which is the only mode of ensuring their reaching his hands, and consequently of their receiving the attention which their merits or importance may deserve.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Emerson, one of the authors of a 'Picture of Greece, in 1825,' has, nearly ready for the press, a Historical View of the Greek Revolution, from its Origin to the Battle of Navarino, illustrated by maps, plates, and plans of the principal fortresses. As this work will be preceded by an introduction, containing a Sketch of the State of the Greeks, from the period of the Roman conquest, under the successive dynasties of the lower Empire, the French, the Venetians, and the Turks, it may be considered as supplying what is at present a desideratum in English literature, namely a condensed and perspicuous 'History of Modern Greece.' Mr. Emerson has, we believe, some particular advantages to aid him in the preparation of this work, having access to the papers of almost every society connected with the affairs of Greece, and having himself a personal acquaintance with the country.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Oakley's Selections from Shakespeare, 8vo., 7s.
Public Characters for the Year 1828, 8vo., 12s.
Bearing's Orthography, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Bearing's English Spelling Book, 18mo., 1s.
Cooke on Digestive Organs, embracing Digestion and other affections of the mind, 8vo., 9s.
Koecker on the Diseases of the Jaw, 8vo., 5s.
Locke's Translation from Nicole's Essays, foolscap, 8vo., 5s.
Maria Hacks Oriental Fragments, 3s. 6d.
Pollock's Course of Time, 3d edition, foolscap 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Walter's Letters from the Continent, post 8vo., 8s.
Sandford's Introduction to Writing, Greek, 12mo., 3s.
Sermons on the Loss of Friends, 8vo., 12s. 6d.
The Speculator and Believer, on Conversations on Christian Seriousness and Philosophical Enthusiasm, by M. A. Kelly, 12mo., 3s.
Cliff's Collection of Statutes, Part I., royal 8vo., 16s.
The Kuzilbash, a Tale of Khorsan, 3 vols. post 8vo., 17. 11s. 6d.
Drake's Memorials of Shakespeare, 1 vol. demy 8vo., 14s.
Memoirs of Life and Travels of John Ledyard, by Jared Sparks, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Beechey's Expedition to the North East of Africa, and Tripoly, 4to., 3s.
Beta Depicta, or Remarks on Mangel Wurzel, with an Exposition of its Utility and Full directions for its Culture, by Thomas Newby, 8vo., 4s.
Illustrations of the History of Great Britain, by Richard Thomas, 2 vols. 7s.; forming the 20th and 21st Vols. of Constables Miscellany.
Shipping and Craft, Drawn and Etched by E. W. Cooke, under the Superintendence of George Cooke, Part I., 2s. 6d., or on India Paper, 4s.
The Anatomy of Drunkenness, by Robert Macnish, Member of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, Second edition, enlarged, 5s. 6d.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 5 P.M.	Feb.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Cloud.
Wed. 27	51	51	29.84	SW. SE.	Foggy.	Cymoid cir.
Thur. 28	51	48	30.10	N.W.	Foggy.	Di.
Frid. 29	57	46	30.10	N.W.	Cloudy.	Cirrostratus
Sat. 30	44	44	29.86	N.W.	Haze.	Di.
Sun. 1	44	44	29.86	N. & NE.	Fair.	Di.
Mon. 2	46	46	29.83	W.	Cloudy.	Di.
Tues. 3	45	49	29.68	N.W.	Cloudy.	Di.

A cirrostratus haze on the morning of Thursday. Rain on Sunday morning.

Astronomical Observations.

Jupiter stationary on the 25th.
Mercury in perihelion on the 25th.
Greatest angular dist. from the sun on the 1st, now visible after sun-set.
Venus made a near appulse to the star Zeta, in Pisces, on the 3d.
Sun's place on Tuesday, 13° 56' 39" in Pisces.

This Day is Published, price 5s. 6d. boards, in One Volume Small Octavo, Second Edition, enlarged to more than double the size of the former of

THE ANATOMY OF DRUNKENNESS.
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13. Method of Curing the Habit of Drunkenness.
14. Advice to determined Drunkards.
15. Drunkenness in Nurses.
16. Liquors not always hurtful.
17. Concluding Observations. Appendix, &c.

Glasgow, W. R. M'Phun, publisher, Troogate; London, Basil Stewart, 139, Chancery-lane.

On Tuesday, the 11th of March, will be published, in post 8vo.

THE AMERICANS AS THEY ARE.

Exemplified in a Tour through the Valley of the Mississippi; embracing Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, &c. By the Author of 'Austria As It Is.' London: Hurst, Chance, and Co., 63, St. Paul's Church-yard.

MONTGOMERY'S OMNIPRESENCE OF THE

DEITY.—The public are respectfully informed, that the Second Edition, revised and enlarged, will be ready next week. Could the eager demand for the first edition have been anticipated, (every copy having been sold in four weeks,) the publisher would not have had to apologise for the delay which is now unavoidable.

'WHAT YOU PLEASE,' by the same Author, will be published some time this month.

Published by S. Maunders, 10, Newgate-street.

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In the course of March will be published, 12mo., price 5s.

THE BARN AND THE STEEPLE.

For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it.—*Isaiah lxxviii.* London: printed for B. J. Holdsworth, 15, St. Paul's Church-yard; of whom may be had, just published,

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Published by Treutzel and Wurtz, Treutzel, Jun. and Richter, 30, Soho Square; of whom may be had Numbers I. and II. No. IV. will appear in May.

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